

The Sketch



No. 662.—Vol. LI.

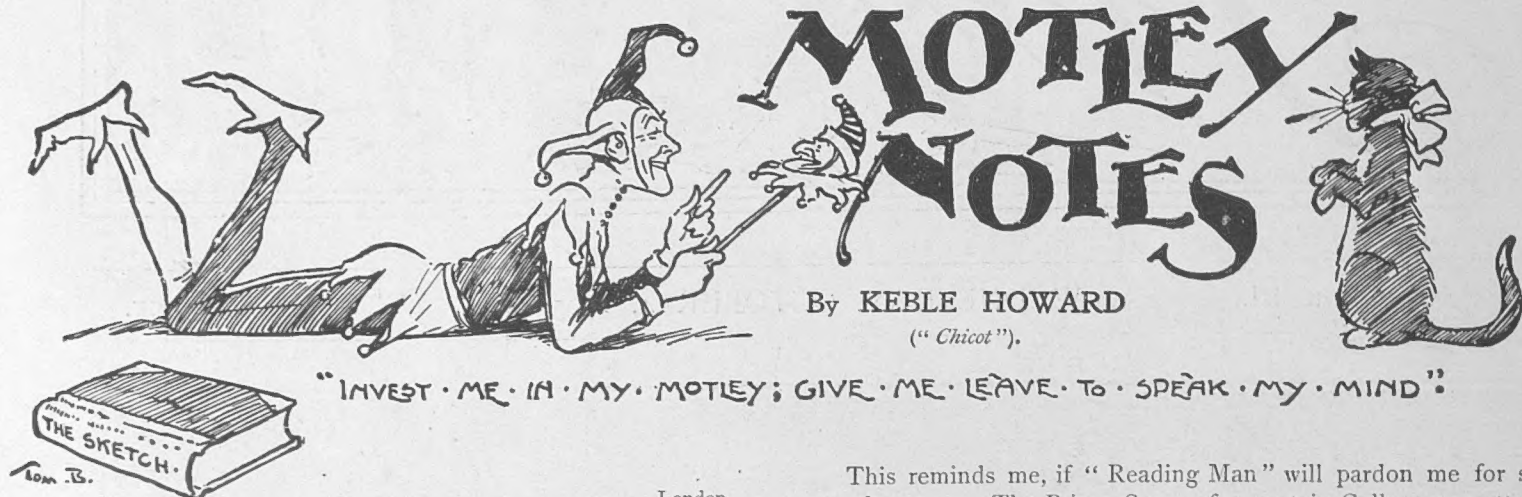
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1905.

SIXPENCE.



MISS CARRIE MOORE AS MILLICENT LEROY IN "THE BLUE MOON."

Photograph by Bassano.



TALKING of mysteries, can anyone explain this amazing incident? On Thursday night of last week, I retired to rest at the usual hour (about half-past one). I was in perfect health—with the exception of a slight cold—and had no trouble of any sort on my mind. (I had plenty of troubles, of course, but they weren't worrying me.) At ten minutes past four, by my watch, I awoke, and sat up in bed. There was no particular reason why I should have awaked at ten minutes past four, since the French gentlemen who are in the habit of calling me—they groom a lot of horses, you know, just beneath my bedroom window, and, presumably, all the horses are deaf—do not arrive until six. Well, I was naturally very sleepy, but some extraordinary brain-wave compelled me to get out of bed, walk into my sitting-room, take pencil and paper, and write as follows—

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the farmer.
 "He! He!" giggled the dairymaid.
 "Hi! Hi!" called the shepherd.
 "Ho! Ho!" grumbled the farmer's wife.
 "Hu! Hu!" barked the farmer's dog.
 And then the day began."

This preposterous feat accomplished, I went back to bed and slept soundly until the morning. I ought to add that I had never, at any time, the least intention of writing a book of alphabetical mnemonics for the use of children. Yet there, as you will see, is an irresistible inducement to remember the vowels. The early morning touch of the concluding sentence, I admit, is just a juggle to give the thing piquancy and balance. That doesn't puzzle me in the least. For the rest, though, the whole matter is a mystery. Can anyone explain it?

Personally, I am rather inclined to attribute the circumstance to the slight cold. A man with a cold—or a woman either—will do things, and say things, and think things that, under normal conditions, would never occur to them. I know a man who is one of the most prosaic creatures to be avoided in a day's march. He cares for nothing but making money and spending it on his own creature comforts. Now and again, however, he catches cold, and then he will sit in front of a fire, wrap himself in blankets, and shed bitter tears on to a shilling edition of Wordsworth. And I know another man who always was, and always will be, a confirmed, genuine woman-hater. Last winter, whilst suffering from a severe cold, he went to his telephone and asked the girl at the Exchange who answered the call to marry him. She said she would, and one of the other girls made a note of the man's number. That cold ran him into fifty pounds and costs.

Apropos of that diary of the day of an average undergraduate that I compiled last week, I have received an indignant letter from a correspondent signing himself "Reading Man." He says: "I am astonished that you should endeavour to mislead the public with regard to the life led by the majority of the men at Oxford. What your own experience may have been I cannot, of course, tell" (Don't try, dear friend), "but I can, at any rate, testify that in the particular circle in which I have the good fortune to move there is no man who does not attend at least three lectures every morning, and devote another four or five hours to private reading. True, there are many men who seem to look upon the time spent at Oxford as one long, glorious picnic." (Cries of "Shame!" dear friend.) "But the majority, as I have said, value their privileges too highly to dream of wasting their time in the frivolous manner suggested by your notes of last week."

This reminds me, if "Reading Man" will pardon me for saying so, of a story. The Prime Smug of a certain College was attending (in the vernacular, "keeping") a Sunday-Evening-At-Home held by the heads of most Colleges for the benefit of Freshers who may possibly be feeling a little homesick. These ghastly functions, to which all are invited, generally begin about nine-thirty, as far as I remember. (I never kept more than one.) The Prime Smug arrived at nine-thirty-five, seated himself—his little knees together and his little hands on his knees—as near as possible to the Principal, and asked, reedily, whether the Principal would care to hear how he (the Prime Smug) had been spending his Sunday. The head—as heads will—bowed.

"Well," the Prime Smug began, in great glee, "at seven o'clock I attended early mass at St. Barnabas."

"Yes?" said the Principal.

"At eight o'clock I was present at our own service in the College chapel."

"Oh?" said the Principal.

"At ten o'clock I went to the Cathedral for matins."

"Exactly," said the Principal.

"At eleven o'clock I returned to St. Barnabas for High Mass."

"Precisely," said the Principal.

"At two o'clock I had the privilege of hearing the Bishop of Worcester at St. Mary's."

"I see," said the Principal.

"At five o'clock I again attended the service in our own chapel."

"Quite so," said the Principal.

"And at half-past eight," concluded the Prime Smug, "I went to St. Mary's again to hear the special sermon for undergraduates."

"Indeed?" said the Principal. "But why," he added, bending forward with an expression of courteous solicitude, "did you not go somewhere else at half-past nine?"

There's the story, dear "Reading Man." If I am wrong in the times of the various services, pray correct me.

Oddly enough, since writing the above I have been rung up on the telephone by the secretary of a Ladies' Club.

"Hallo!" she said. "Is that you?"

I admitted it.

"We are having a fearful argument here about your diary of the day of an undergraduate."

"Good! What's the trouble?"

"What is squish? Some of us say it's marmalade, and some whisky. Which is it?"

"Marmalade," I retorted, rather indignantly. And a faint voice murmured, "There you are! I told you so, and you wouldn't believe me!"

"But why," persisted the secretary, "do they eat so much marmalade?"

"It's a feature of the life," I explained, and rang off quickly.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, I am afraid, is a little ungrateful. He has been telling an interviewer of the *World* that "Once you have acquired the label of a 'funny' writer, people will never believe that you have anything serious to say—and they would certainly resent it if they did." And yet it is only three years since Mr. Jerome's "Paul Kever," a long, serious, and very beautifully written book, was received with rapture both by the reviewers and the public. Indeed, I remember getting a letter from Mr. Jerome in connection with the success of the book, in which he said: "Everything comes to him who waits, but to some of us the waiting seems long"—or words to that effect. Between ourselves, I expect that Mr. Jerome, at the time of that *World* interview, had a cold.

"VÉRONIQUE'S" SUCCESSOR AT THE APOLLO:

SCENES AND CHARACTERS FROM "THE GAY LORD VERGY," PRODUCED SEPTEMBER 30



1. LE SIRE DE VERGY (MR. JOHN LE HAY), GABRIELLE DE VERGY (MISS AURÉLIE RÉVY), AND LE BARON DE MILLEPERTUIS (MR. NORMAN SALMOND).

2. LE SIRE DE COUCY (MR. AUBREY FITZGERALD).

3. PAUL DE CHAMPELFURY (MR. SYDNEY BARRACLOUGH), MAGUILLONNE (MISS CORA WILLIAMS), YVONNE (MISS ETHEL ROSS-SELWICK), YOLANDE DE MILLEPERTUIS (MISS ISABEL OHMEAD), LE COMTE MAXIME (MR. HARRY LAMBERT), AND VIVIANE (MISS MADGE TEMPLE).

Photographs by Johnston and Hoffmann.

THE CLUBMAN.

Singapore, the New Naval Base—The Singapore Clubs—The Curries—The Climate—The Mosquitoes.

THE sailors of our Navy will in the immediate future become very well acquainted with Singapore town and the Tan Jong Pagar Docks; and, I should also add, with the mosquitoes which swarm in that portion of the island. There is but one drawback from the sailor's point of view to Singapore as a naval station, and that is that the ships in the great harbour have to lie so far out in the bay that to come ashore is rather an undertaking. The little gun-boats are only a mile out at sea, but a line-of-battle ship has to be some three miles away from the landing-place in order to get deep enough water in which to float.

When a naval officer lands at Singapore he finds himself in a tropical paradise. There is one of the best Clubs in the world there, with a wide verandah looking out to sea. In this verandah, which has great blinds of split bamboo to keep off the sun, are some of the easiest chairs that I know of, and many a time I have seen a line of naval officers, just come ashore, lying back in these chairs in perfect content, with tumblers full of pleasant iced drinks in the circular openings in the broad arms of the chairs, smoking cigarettes, and looking across the harbour towards their ships.

Lunch at the Singapore Club is always a meal to be reckoned with. All the Tyfans, the heads of the big firms, lunch there, the smaller fry of the offices taking their mid-day meals elsewhere. Much important business is said to be settled after lunch, when big cigars are smoked in a great, cool inner-room where the punkahs wag continually, but the meal which precedes this business is anything but serious. There is always a good story to be told, and the curries are quite the best in the world. No one knows what a vegetable curry can be until he has eaten one of bamboo shoots as it is served in Singapore, with a score of "sambals," spices, and condiments of all kinds, "ota-ota," which is a compound of fish-brains and cream, and other delicacies. I have very grateful memories also of the prawn curries and of the grilled ham "steaks," with a devil sauce of surprisingly restorative qualities, which we used to ask for on the days after a ball.

Inland, a pleasant drive along the roads, shaded by great trees and bordered by turf as beautifully kept as that of any English lawn, is another Club, a smaller one, standing in a garden. Here there is an American bowling-alley, where hard-fought matches are played on Saturday nights, and a ball-room and a little theatre. There are plenty of dances given at Singapore, though the collars of the gentlemen sometimes come to grievous ruin through their exertions. It is never very cool at Singapore and never very hot. Any sailor who wishes to go

through a preliminary process of acclimatising should go and sit in the palm-houses of the Botanical Gardens in Regent's Park. If the thermometer climbs up to 85 degrees in the shade during the day, it is considered hot; if it sinks to 75 at night, it is a cold one. Everybody sleeps with a tent of mosquito-curtains above them, and with a blanket at the bottom of the bed ready to be pulled up if necessary. Though the thermometer never rises to anything approaching Indian heat, the warmth of Singapore is very enervating, for the whole island is one great vapour-bath. There is

an average of an hour's rain every day, black thunder-showers coming up from the sea, and, though there is a so-called dry season as well as a rainy one, the difference is that when it is dry the rain only comes down for half-an-hour, when it is wet it descends for two hours.

At Tan Jong Pagar, which is some two or three miles' distance from the town, there is a great line of wharves, many ships, and much coal-dust. The approach by sea from the north to these docks and wharves is one of the most beautiful seascapes I know. On one side is the mainland, with its bays of clear blue water and luxuriant vegetation, some little, reddish cliffs contrasting with the vivid blues and greens and yellows, and Mount Faber rising, jungle-covered, four hundred feet above the sea, and on the other side and in front are some of the many thousand islands of the Archipelago, each one a mass of tropical vegetation. A signal-station and, I think, a fort are on the island Ayerbrani, which lies just opposite to Tan Jong Pagar, a biscuit-throw across the water.

The wharves are not beautiful to look at, and they always seemed to me to have a hotter atmosphere than anywhere else in Singapore. They are a favourite haunt of the mosquitoes, which breed in the salt-water swamps that lie between the town and the docks, and though out in the great harbour the port-holes of ships are never closed, when the vessel is lying alongside the docks it is a choice for the occupant of a cabin between shutting the port-holes and sleeping in a stifling atmosphere, or of being kept awake by the stings of the mosquitoes.

The Siamese mosquito I never encountered; it is said to be the most persistent and to give the most pain of any in the world, but I can hardly fancy that it is more vicious than that of the Straits Settlements. When I first went to Singapore, I thought that I should not require mosquito-curtains, for I had just left South Africa, and was so "salted" against mosquito-bites there that I never felt them and they never left any marks on my skin. One night in the long, thatched bungalow in which the officers' quarters are at Singapore undecieved me on that subject. I fought all night long with

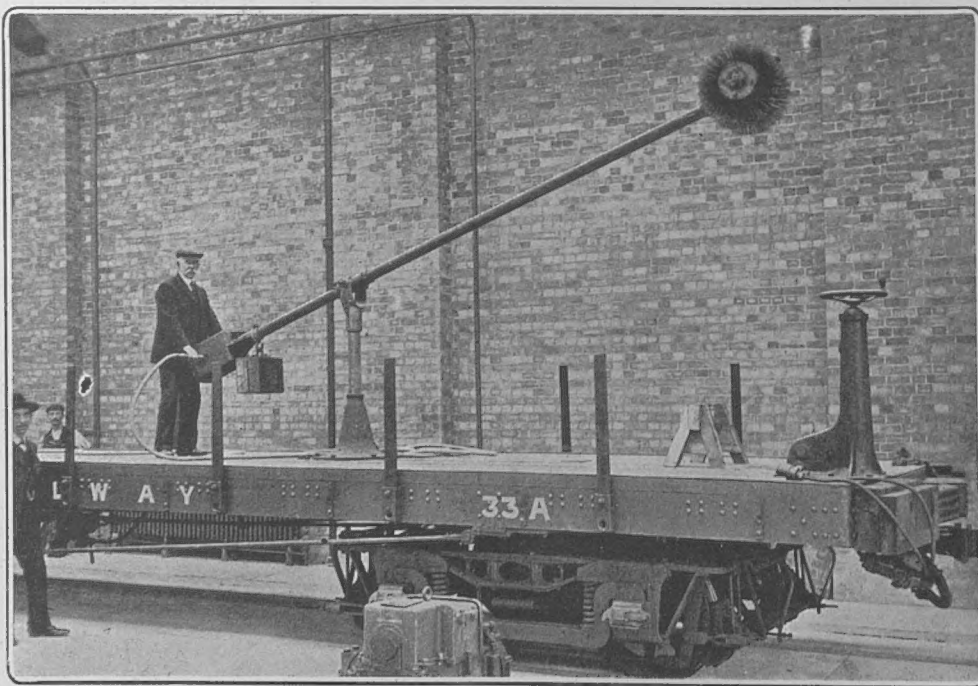
unseen enemies, who seemed to put red-hot needles into me, and next morning my face would have been an attractive exhibit in a hospital museum. By the next evening my bed was tented with gauze curtains, like everybody else's.



THE VICTIM OF THE TUNNEL TRAGEDY:
MISS MARY MONEY.

Miss Money's death has provided the country with the most tremendous murder sensation of recent years. Her body was found mutilated in Merstham Tunnel, near where the notorious Lefroy murdered Mr. Gold, and it was at first believed that she had either thrown herself in front of a train or had been accidentally run over. Further examination, however, revealed traces of foul play. A veil had been thrust into her mouth, and there was evidence of bodily injury that must have been inflicted before death. Her purse was gone. The police were faced with a problem that seemed to call for the genius of Sherlock Holmes.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



CLEANING THE UNDERGROUND: A BRUSH FOR THE TUNNELS.

A brush has been invented by the Metropolitan Electric Railway in order to clean the tunnels blackened by half-a-century of coal-smoke. It is fixed on a universal joint, so that every part of the tunnel may be swept as the truck is pulled through.

THE LOGIC OF NAMING RACEHORSES.

BY CAPTAIN COE.

IN a race at Warwick, the other day, I noticed that of the nine starters only two had been named. Now, although a fee of half-a-crown is charged for registering a name at Messrs. Weatherby's, it is almost inconceivable that owners have any objection to paying such a small sum, and, in view of the fact that a large number of thoroughbreds start their racing career before the christening ceremony has been performed, the Jockey Club should copy the example of the National Hunt Stewards and make it compulsory for a horse to be named before it can run in public.

To owners who take a deep interest in their horses and who do not regard them as mere mediums for gambling purposes, the question of nomenclature should be a particularly absorbing one, and it is satisfactory to note that in many instances great care has been taken to obtain an appropriate name.

In glancing through old racing records, one finds such senseless titles as Tommy Up a Pear-Tree, Who Would Have Thought It, Heel and Toe Fanny, and Jenny Come Try Me; but the tendency nowadays is to get a name having some connection with either the sire or dam, and now and again one comes across a real gem.

Some years ago, Mr. H. T. Barclay, who will always be remembered by racing-men as the owner of Bendigo, had a colt by Cylinder—Staff of Life, and it was a happy inspiration when he called it Roll, for a cylinder must roll, whilst a roll is made of bread—more commonly referred to as the Staff of Life.

Anyone conversant with the free-and-easy language at the famous fish-market will appreciate Billingsgate for a son of Anathema; and the owner of a descendant of Beeswax could not do otherwise than christen the youngster Adherent.

Sir James Miller, of Sainfoin and Rock Sand fame, once had to name a colt by Gladstone, and, probably to remind us of Lord Beaconsfield's famous phrase, he chose Verbosity.

The current list of "Horses in Training" furnishes some smart illustrations in the art of nomenclature, and one can almost imagine Lord Rosebery's smile when he selected Cicero for a son of Gas, for the man in the street of to-day would undoubtedly dub Cicero's eloquence "Gas."

Mr. Schwind's colt, Hackenschmidt, was aptly named, for he is a son of Vici, and at the time his owner gave the colt his name the great Russian wrestler was causing an immense sensation, and could take no other motto than the time-honoured "Veni, Vidi, Vici."

The owner of Madrali, too, was justified in selecting the name of the Turkish athlete for a son of Resolute, and, bearing in mind the splendid ride of the ill-fated Guardsman, Khiva Pass could hardly be improved upon for a son of Burnaby.

Readers of Cutcliffe Hyne's popular book will appreciate Captain Kettle for a colt by Buccaneer—Comette, but I notice that Mr. Randall has endeavoured to raise a laugh by christening a younger horse with the same pedigree Captain Pott. Neither, it may be added, is a "black."

Edicius, for a colt by Despair, has, no doubt, set many people wondering, but this is a smart piece of work on the part of Mr. B. Strauss. The horse was originally named Suicide, but some objection came from Old Burlington Street, and Mr. Strauss simply reversed the spelling of the word.

It reminds me of a similar case many years ago, when the owner of Redeemer, on being informed that the name was not approved of, changed it to Pledger, thus intimating that in the first instance his use of the name was in a totally different direction to that imagined by the authorities.

There are some other strange bits of nomenclature, and Mr. Hardy has told of how he sent in Wild Night for his filly by St. Hilaire—Anabasis, and, on finding that he had been forestalled, solved the difficulty by at once replying, "Then let us have Wild Night Again," and as such the filly is known.

Even had he not been a personal friend of Mr. George Edwardes, Mr. Hardy would have good grounds for naming a son of Oriental Princess "The Cingalee," but, on the other hand, there is nothing in the pedigree of a filly by Damocles—Molly Shipton to suggest "Merely Mary Ann," and one can only surmise that, like the rest of us, Mr. Tom Sherwood was impressed with the charming Eleanor Robson in Mr. Zangwill's play.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is very keen on cricket and golf, whilst, I believe, he has of late achieved some notoriety with his motor-car, but we have yet to see his colours unfurled on a racecourse, and he is not the owner of Sherlock Holmes, who is entitled to the name, I presume, because his dam is Search Light.

Garters for a daughter of Suspender, Smoke for a Corona Corona filly, and Cut it Short for a son of Précis are worthy of commendation, and to the mere reader Uninsured will be acceptable for a son of Surety. But there is a story in connection with the Lincolnshire Handicap winner, for, when his dam was killed by lightning, it was found that she had not been insured, so Uninsured seemed the most appropriate title to Captain Forester for the mare's last descendant.

Years ago, racing-men were some time in discovering why the famous "Pot8os" was so named. His owner, of course, intended to call him Potatoes, but, on asking a stable-lad to write the word, was so tickled by the result that he spelt the horse's name as it was written on the slate.

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TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), short sets of verses, illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories and verses are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect and the name and address of the sender written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Rejected contributions are invariably returned within the shortest possible time.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories, verses, and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

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PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

THE
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS
OCTOBER 7.

PRESIDENT AND BIG GAME HUNTER:
MR. ROOSEVELT HUNTING BEAR—THE DEATH.

FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT:
THE ART OF THE CAMERA.
THE EARLY DAYS OF SPORTS:
FOX-HUNTING.

THE
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS
OCTOBER 7.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

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A GRAND-NEPHEW OF THE KING: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE NICHOLAS OF ROUMANIA.

Photograph by Parker.

ago celebrated his second birthday, was born ten years after his elder and only brother, Prince Carol. The Crown Princess, though she is considered the most beautiful of our late Sovereign's grand-daughters, does not care for Society, and is a devoted wife and mother. She was married when only seventeen and is still on the right side of thirty. Her favourite hobby is that of being photographed in wonderful and striking costumes, designed, for the most part, by herself. It is significant that her children are surrounded by English attendants, and are brought up entirely in the simple and hygienic fashion usual in British nurseries.

Two Pretty Children.

Owing to the fact that the late Lord Pirbright had no son, his descendants do not bear his name, and in the younger generation the de Worms lineage is represented by the two charming little daughters, aged respectively six and five, of the Hon. Mrs. McLaren Morrison, the late Peer's eldest daughter. These two little ladies have between them no fewer than eight names, some of these—

Queen Victoria's Roumanian Great-grand-children. Among Queen Victoria's many great-grandchildren, none, with perhaps the exception of the children of our own Prince and Princess of Wales, are of greater interest to the British people than are the little sons and daughters of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Roumania. The latter, as Princess Marie of Edinburgh, was brought up in England, and she is fond of coming back for brief visits; indeed, only this last summer the Crown Princess spent a happy holiday at one of the quietest of our seaside places. Some years separate the elder son and daughter from the baby Prince and Princess whose portraits we publish. Princess Marie, who is now five years old, is five years younger than Princess Elizabeth: and Prince Nicholas, who not long



A TEN-YEAR-OLD CONDUCTOR OF GREAT ORCHESTRAS: MAX DAREWSKI.

Young Darewski has been conducting an orchestra of five thousand performers at the Crystal Palace.

Photograph by Russell.

A Ten-Year-Old Conductor!

Little Max Darewski is the musical hero of the hour, and the Crystal Palace has never seen a more extraordinary sight than that of this ten-year-old boy acting as conductor to an orchestra composed of no less than five thousand instrumentalists. Max is a Pole, though he was actually born in this country. His father is a distinguished teacher of singing and a friend of Paderewski. The lad, when little more than a baby, won an open scholarship at the London Academy of Music, and at the mature age of five he had already composed a

value which bore the name of "The Dream." Two years later, he composed a really fine march in honour of the Coronation of that Sovereign who is so true a lover of music. This latest of infant prodigies made his début as a conductor close on a year ago, and the story goes that from the first moment the band, that of Dan Godfrey, before whom he stood, "about the size of his own bâton," realised that they had found a master. This last June, Max made quite a sensation at the Queen's Hall by acting, during the course of one and the same concert, both as conductor and pianist. Max Darewski is in appearance the real child-genius, for he has a dark, eager, sensitive little face, and is quite absorbed in his art. His father very wisely has decided that he is no longer to compose,

but to go on studying harmony

and the technique of composition. Of him surely it may be said, as it was of the great Alexander Pope, "He lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."

A "Sketch" Prophecy.

The fact that the Duchess of Sutherland was engaged on a play was first announced in *The Sketch* "Small Talk." Still, on the whole, the secret was well kept, and few people suspected the identity of "R. E. Fyffe," whose fantasy, entitled "The Conqueror," was produced by Mr. Forbes-Robertson on Sept. 23. The beautiful wearer of the strawberry-leaves has had, from childhood upwards, literary ambitions. She has written charming verse and published a long novel, as well as a volume of short stories. What therefore more natural than that her Grace should turn her attention to the stage? The Duchess inherits an undoubted poetic gift from her father, the late Lord Rosslyn, and she composed her *nom de théâtre* by taking the first two letters of his name and that of the Scotch county

in which she was born. One could have wished the play a more successful reception on the first-night, if only because the writer of it was so scrupulously careful not to use her social influence to further its production. Mr. Forbes-Robertson has stated clearly that till the very night he produced "The Conqueror" he believed the unknown author to be a man. Like most stage-struck writers, the Duchess is said to have another play already on the stocks. Doubtless she would be more successful in a modern drama than in the fantastic *genre* in which it is given to so few to succeed.

New Japanese Stamps.

Although the peace with Russia is by no means universally popular in Japan, the Government of the Mikado are about to issue a new set of stamps in commemoration of it. But



A GRAND-NIECE OF THE KING: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS MARIE OF ROUMANIA.

Photograph by Farber.



PICTURESQUE CHILDHOOD: MISS McLAREN MORRISON, Eldest child of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. McLaren Morrison.

Photograph by Thomson.



PICTURESQUE CHILDHOOD: MISS THEO McLAREN MORRISON, Younger daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. McLaren Morrison.

Photograph by Thomson.

the special point with which the new stamps will deal is the recognition of Japan's rights in Korea, and this will be symbolised by two flowers—the chrysanthemum, to represent Japan, and the plum-blossom, to represent Korea. With the flowers will be two doves, which are at once the emblems of peace and of the postal service. These stamps will be used for the post between Japan and Korea and will be issued very shortly.

A Much-Married Couple?

Once more the Chancelleries of the Continent are thrilled with the rumour that the Grand Duke Cyril of Russia has married—secretly, of course—his first-cousin, the ex-Grand Duchess of Hesse. If this be indeed true, the marriage is the outcome of a long romance, for the two cousins are known to have been devoted to one another from childhood. The Grand Duke, who is a very good-looking man, stands quite near to the Russian Throne, and, as the union of first-cousins is absolutely prohibited by the



A CLAIMANT OF £56,000,000: MR. HORATIO EDWARDS, OF EAST FINCHLEY.

Mr. Edwards claims, with good hopes of success, property estimated at fifty-six millions sterling, represented by 65 acres in New York City. Mr. Edwards says he is a direct descendant of Robert Edwards, who went to the States 105 years ago.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau

Greek Church, the Czar, up to the present time, has absolutely refused his consent to the Royal lovers. The situation is further complicated by the fact that the Princess in question was once sister-in-law to the Czarina. If the marriage has really taken place, it is certain that the happy pair will have to live in exile, and they will probably choose England.

The Medical Schools.

This is the time when Mr. Robert Sawyer begins anew the perambulation of the hospitals. Once more the young gentlemen whom Mrs. Raddle scornfully described as "cutters and carvers of other

know that Dr. Osler's mother is still living, a beautiful old lady of ninety-eight.

King Alfonso's Journey.

The King of Spain, it has been arranged by the Governments of Germany and Spain, will visit the Kaiser at the beginning of November, and will make his entry into Berlin on the 6th of that month. The date is now definitely fixed, and no alteration will be made unless the spread of the cholera in Germany should make it desirable that King Alfonso should postpone his visit. From Berlin the young King will go direct to Vienna, but there will be nothing official about his reception, which will be merely a family affair. The Queen-Dowager of Spain is the second-cousin of the Emperor of Austria, and,

something which he *didn't* say! Of course, he had long been known in the medical world as a *savant* and teacher of rare gifts. But the man in the street knew him not until, last February, he delivered an address at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. Then was attributed to him the sensational theory that men should be placed on the shelf at forty and chloroformed at sixty! As a matter of fact, Dr. Osler quoted the idea of "chloroforming at sixty" from a story of Anthony Trollope's, and drily added, "Whether that suggestion should be carried out, I have become a little dubious, as my own time is getting so short."

What to Do with Old Women.

In that world-famous "chloroform" address, Dr. Osler said that with a woman he would advise an entirely different plan, "since after sixty her influence on her sex may be most helpful, particularly if aided by those charming accessories, a cap and a fichu." You understand this better, perhaps, when you



THE EX-GRAND DUCHESS OF HESSE.
Reported married to the Grand Duke Cyril.
Photograph by Thiele.



THE GRAND DUKE CYRIL.
Reported married to the ex-Grand Duchess of Hesse.
Photograph by Lévitzy.

people's bodies" are solemnly lectured, by more or less eminent doctors and others, on the opening of a new session with all its opportunities, etc.—you know the sort of thing. The medical student of to-day is hardly the festive creature he was in Dickens's time. Examinations have multiplied, and the annual "bag" of door-knockers has correspondingly diminished. Nevertheless, he still makes, in the mass, a highly critical audience, and is impatient of platitudes and commonplace.

"Oslerification."

The clou of the opening addresses of the medical session this year will, without doubt, be that of Dr. Osler, the Professor of Medicine at Oxford. He is an extraordinary example of how a man may suddenly leap into fame by dint of



A CHANGE FROM THE SLUMS: ONE OF DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES FOR RESCUED CHILDREN.
Photograph by Vining.

A Strange Death.

M. Guillon, a farmer, and the Mayor of Plessis-Gatebled, in the Department of the Aube, was coming home from the harvest-field leading a waggon, and holding an ear of barley between his teeth. One of the horses shied suddenly and struck M. Guillon in the face, causing him to swallow the ear of barley, the spikes of which caused his death.

A VILLAGE UNDER THE HAMMER: THE SALE OF LYNEHAM, WILTSHIRE.



1. THE PARISH CHURCH.

2. A PICTURESQUE VILLAGE STREET.

3. CHURCH FARM.

4. CHURCH END (SCHOOLS ON LEFT).

5. THE OLD MILL.

6. THE MANOR HOUSE.

7. BARROW END FARM.

The sale of a tract of ground, measuring 2,016 acres, in Wiltshire has occasioned great excitement among the villagers of Lyneham, for practically the whole of that village comes under the hammer. The owner is Major Heneage, in whose family the estate has been for about a hundred years. The Heneage family, which has never resided at Lyneham, came into the property after a long Chancery suit against a Colonel Culcraft.

Photographs by the Topical Press.

MY MORNING PAPER.



By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

WHILE enjoying a week-end's shooting a few days ago, I heard a local story that seems to have admissible claims to the immortality that *The Sketch* confers. A farmer in the neighbourhood had not succeeded in finding a shooting-tenant for his land, so he put an advertisement in the local paper offering to let it by the day to visitors, and to supply dogs and ferrets for an inclusive sum. A week after the first advertisement appeared, a party of sportsmen arrived and paid their money promptly for a day's sport. They invited the farmer to come too, but he had noted their manner of carrying guns, and recollected that he had work to do within the safe circle of the farm-buildings. But he gave them two reliable dogs and four ferrets, told them where they would find the partridges and rabbits, and they went off in high spirits. He heard the sound of much firing, and about mid-day one of the party came up to the house. "Well," said the farmer, "shot any partridges?" "No," said the sportsman, "I don't think we've shot any o' them." "Got many rabbits?" asked the farmer. "We've got one of them," replied the visitor, with evident pride. "Well, what can I do for you?" went on the farmer. "Oh, I've just come up to ask for some more dogs and ferrets," was the unabashed reply; "we've done in that lot." They tell me that you must not talk to the farmer any more about the advantages of letting shooting by the day.

Confidence Misplaced.

It seems late in the day for this planet to possess an English or American speaking man who has not heard of the confidence-trick, and yet my morning paper recorded a particularly commonplace case little more than a week ago. The victim was an Australian by birth, an engineer by profession, a Central American by residence, and a visitor to London by chance. One of the gentlemen charged was described as being of no occupation, which suggests that there is no little profit in confidence well-inspired. Details are of the familiar type. There is the simple and ingenuous young man whose Colonial uncle has just left him a fortune; there is his friend who explains to the intended victim what a good fellow the legatee is. There are drinks, several drinks, and then comes the confidence. The gentleman from Australia is not so unlucky as the most of the confiding folk. He seems likely to get a dividend of about six and eight-pence in the pound from what his quondam friends had forgotten to spend when the heavy hand of authority fell upon them.

Yankee Progress.

I have been very interested to read about the American Insurance Revelations in my morning paper, and the thought that it is very difficult to be enormously wealthy and exceedingly scrupulous at the same time consoles me when I reflect that I am never likely to own a real Insurance Company of my own. If I read my paper aright, certain of the big American offices are so loaded up with money that their directors have allowed feelings of sheer kindness to dominate them on pay-day when personal friends have had money to take. Moreover, they are alleged to have spent some of their surplus funds in the

promotion of legislation that is calculated to suit them, by securing the return of political parties that will not harass them with unfriendly acts. All these illegalities may be set down to excess of generosity or over-development of the bump that stands for a man's belief that his luck won't last; but it seems fairly clear that people who insure because they want money for their estate at some future time will not be encouraged to effect further insurances in America. At present the assets of the Insurance Companies of the United States amount to nearly five hundred million pounds, and the income of the three largest is set down at fifty millions per annum, so the head officials can hardly plead that they were driven to irregular practices through want. It is a pity that our Transatlantic cousins have never realised what the word "Equitable" really stands for.

Purified Paris.

I read of a crusade by Parisians for the purification of Paris with feelings of concern for which the *Entente Cordiale* may be held accountable. Everybody is ready to agree that Paris, in her streets, has many objectionable features. Illustrated papers and post-cards of a sort that decency cannot tolerate abound, and the songs of the *cafés chantants* are often sadly in need of thorough disinfection. Movements such as the aged Senator, M. Berenger, would lead against the purveyors of pornography are in every way praiseworthy and desirable, but let the Gay City avoid excess of zeal and refrain from moving from the mere suppression of flagrant abuses to the universal propagation of propriety. I expect that there are plenty of people in France of whom Messrs. Stiggins and Chadband are prototypes. It would be a pity to let them spring suddenly into evidence. Very many Britons and Americans go to Paris because they fondly imagine that she is the wickedest city on the Continent, and their frenzied attempts to pursue pleasure in the *cafés* and dancing-houses of Montmartre show a vigour and determination worthy of a better cause. If it should be noised abroad that Paris had

undergone excessive moral alterations and repairs, she would speedily fall from her high estate, and would find her eastern neighbour inviting the world's globe-trotters to come upon the Spree to the German capital.

To the Pole.

I read without enthusiasm the report that King Leopold is about to take the head of a great International Scheme to discover the North and South Poles. If those widely sought places should chance to be inhabited and the natives understand anything of the way in which civilisation is brought to far-away regions that Belgium's ruler holds in fee, they will be wishing themselves on another planet. The only point in their favour is that the North and South Poles seem to be far removed from

the zone that yields rubber. In fairness to the Belgians, I would add that, if the allegations in the De Brazza report against M. Gentil be justified, the monopoly of blackguardism does not belong to Belgium. And if the allegations of the *Cape Argus* are borne out by the facts, General von Trotha will be well qualified for a job on the Congo when he has carried the victorious German arms to the conclusion of the campaign in South-West Africa.



MURDEROUS BRUSHWOOD: A DISGUISED MACHINE-GUN AT THE MANŒUVRES.

The gun is set on a shallow emplacement; it is then screened with brushwood, so that at even a moderate distance the enemy would have great difficulty in locating it.

Photograph by Knight.



THE EAST-END MOURNS ITS GREAT BENEFACITOR: DR. BARNARDO'S FUNERAL.

Dr. Barnardo's funeral procession started from the Edinburgh Castle on September 27, and proceeded, amid extraordinary tokens of mourning, to Liverpool Street Station. The cortège was headed by the children of the Homes. The actual interment took place at Barking Side.

Photograph by Park.

THE MIRACLE - PLAY THAT EVADED AN OLD LAW AGAINST SCRIPTURAL PRODUCTIONS :
 "JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN," AT THE COLISEUM.



1. JACOB PUTS THE COAT OF MANY COLOURS ON JOSEPH.

2. JOSEPH TELLS PHARAOH THAT HIS STRENGTH IS FROM THE LORD JEHOVAH.

3. POTIPHAR'S WIFE TEMPTS JOSEPH.

4. POTIPHAR'S WIFE ATTEMPTS TO STAB JOSEPH.

5. PHRANANOR, THE WIFE OF POTIPHAR.

6. ASHTENATH, JOSEPH'S BETROTHED.

7. POTIPHAR'S WIFE AND JOSEPH'S BETROTHED.

8. JOSEPH LEAVES HIS GARMENT IN THE HANDS OF POTIPHAR'S WIFE.

Photographs by Campbell-Gray.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

"THE CONQUEROR"—"THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL"—"ON THE QUIET"—
"THE PALACE REVIEW."

MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON has explained to the Press that it was not the glamour of a noble name, but simple appreciation of a work of art, which led him to open the magnificent Scala Theatre with the "dramatic fantasy" which the Duchess of Sutherland wrote under the pseudonym of "R. E. Fyffe." And without reading the play, it is, perhaps, not fair to say that on the question of literary merit he was wrong. Blank verse may be praiseworthy and yet lose all its savour before the footlights; and when we listened to it on the opening night it was further hampered by the fact that much of it could not be heard, which was not the theatre's fault. Consequently any literary merit that there was, was not particularly apparent. And for other merits—well, a fantasy must be lit up with inspiration and imagination, or else it falls woefully flat; and, in spite of a quite eligible story, that is what happened with "The Conqueror," though Mr. Forbes-Robertson strove nobly, trumpet-tongued, to avert the disaster. He is a second Alexander, and his life of blood and iron is sweetened by the thought of a child with whom he prattled fairy-talk one evening in a conquered town. But when he comes at the appointed time, the child, now grown up, has made the inevitable mistake of meeting another hero first, and the Conqueror, defied by love, plays the noble Roman with a bare bodkin. At the end the play woke up a little, but the chief interest of the earlier part of the evening lay in the architectural glories of Dr. Distin-Maddick's new theatre and the charm of Mr. Edward German's incidental music. Miss Gertrude Elliott played the heroine with a winning grace, and Miss Kathryn Comber, in two characteristic little songs, was very pleasant to hear.

Matter for more serious thought is to be found, as usual, at the Royal Court Theatre, where the Vedrenne-Barker Matinées have begun again with a second comedy from Mr. St. John Hankin. "The Return of the Prodigal" may be a little before its time: two years ago it would have had no chance of production at all; but it stamps its author as a dramatist of originality and ideas. It states a problem which has long been crying aloud for exposition—what *did* happen to the Prodigal Son and his family when the fatted calf was eaten and it was time for the young man's fancy to turn to thoughts of work? Mr. St. John Hankin has his answer—he bullied his father into giving him an allowance, that being safer than a lump sum, and returned to his prodigality, after driving the family for ten days to exasperation. As the premisses are stated in this most entertaining little play, it is the right conclusion; though, no doubt, one with a less airy and cynical outlook upon the world would put it differently. But Mr. Hankin has drawn (and Mr. A. E. Matthews plays) a most fascinating prodigal, utterly incorrigible, but fully conscious of his own hopelessness: a cheery young man who does mean things with an air which defies and paralyses the moral judgment. Equally brilliant, in its way, is the character of the blameless brother, played with extraordinary skill by Mr. Dennis Eadie; while the father (Mr. J. H. Barnes), the mother (Miss Florence Haydon), and the sister (Miss Amy Lamborn) are all live human beings whom it is a rare pleasure to meet upon the stage. There are defects—defects of excessive cleverness; but they do not seriously detract from a

play which is both admirable as an entertainment and important as an original study of life.

Mr. William Collier at the Comedy Theatre confirms the impression which he made in "The Dictator," that he is a very remarkable man. In that play there was something to be considered besides himself; in "On the Quiet," by Mr. Augustus Thomas, he is alone and in his glory. What "On the Quiet" is (in addition to being very noisy) it would be hard to say: "farce" is too dignified a title; it suggests at times a nigger-minstrel entertainment, and at other times a harlequinade, rushed through, in

broad American, with a feverish rapidity which carries everything before it. The plot is as old as the hills, and most of its jokes must have nursed the hills on their knees. But the important thing is that Mr. William Collier is right there jest all the time; and, when he is right there, you jest laugh. That, as he would himself say, is the "dull thud fact." Possibly we shall get used to him in time, and find that the secret of his power is in his newness and his accent; but I fancy it lies a good deal deeper than that. A man who can keep an audience in one continuous roar with such a play as "On the Quiet" is a genius, and he manages the feat with ease. What the laughter comes from it is difficult, on subsequent reflection, to explain: Mr. Collier thinks nothing too humble to be seized upon and adapted to his uses, and apparently the worse the play the more he enjoys himself, and other people enjoy him. In any other hands the entertainment would be what is described in the music-halls as "a screaming, knock-about absurdity"; he raises it to the level of a most exhilarating frolic.

Mr. G. R. Sims ought to be just the man to write a popular *revue*, but if the piece at the Palace becomes popular, the success will not be due to the satirical humours of the piece, but to the dresses and dances and dancers, and some quaint scenery. He has chosen plenty of topics—the County Council, the *Daily M*—, the Countess of

W—, the mania for sport, the Woman's Rights Movement, etc., but handles them in a fashion of simple comicality, and his choice of a man and woman from Mars as interlocutors is not very ingenious. The general impression that one gets is that a few cut-down scenes from a Drury Lane pantomime are being presented on a small scale. Perhaps it is quite unfair to consider the work as a *revue*, since its events are supposed to occur in 1910, and, instead of satirising the present, Mr. "Dagonet" is "guying" the future. The fact is regrettable, for the opportunities of presenting the agreeable form of entertainment, a *revue*, are rare, and "The Palace Review" is the waste of one of them. It may be that by now Mr. Sims has taken courage, and, since he has very elastic material to deal with, has cut and changed, so that now the piece has the breath of modern life in it, and has become likely to amuse the many thousands ready to laugh at a bright attack on the follies of the day. Of course, I am only speaking of the first-night, and then neither Miss Lottie Venne nor Mr. Kenneth Douglas could do much with their parts, though all the world knows that they are clever people. Mr. Herman Finck has written some lively music, and some of the dances and songs were very favourably received.



PEERESS AND PLAYWRIGHT: THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND, AUTHOR OF "THE CONQUEROR," PRODUCED BY MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON AT THE SCALA THEATRE.

(See "Small Talk of the Week.") Photograph by Langfier.

"THE PRODIGAL SON": MR. HALL CAINE'S TREMENDOUS DRAMA
AT DRURY LANE.



- | | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. MR. FRANK COOPER AS MAGNUS. | 2. MISS NANCY PRICE AS HIRGA, THE HERO'S EVIL GENIUS. | 3. MAGNUS, THE EXCELLENT ELDER BROTHER. |
| 4. MR. HENRY NEVILLE AS STEPHEN MAGNUSSON, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF ICELAND. | 5. MISS LILY HALL CAINE (SISTER OF THE AUTHOR) AS THORA. | 6. MR. AUSTIN MELFORD AS THE FACTOR, FATHER OF THORA. |

Photographs by Langfier.

THE HAREM OF THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO.

TO understand the revolution that the young Sultan of Morocco has created in official circles by photographing some of his countless concubines and permitting the pictures to be seen by Unbelievers, it is only necessary to recall an incident that occurred in the reign of his grandfather. In the gardens attached to the great Palace of the Maghzen in Morocco City there is a sheet of ornamental water on which, one afternoon, Mulai Mohammed, with a few of his harem, was enjoying a little boating. The skiff upset, two of the ladies were thrown into the water. Their cries alarmed the Guard, who rushed up and rescued them. All who had taken part in the rescue were put to death, because they had looked upon the faces of women belonging to the Royal harem!

To-day an unbelieving generation may look at the photographs of the ladies whom Mulai Abd-el-Aziz delights to honour, although a photograph is in a sense a picture, and Mohammed said, "All painters are destined for the fires of Hell, and Allah will appoint a person at the day of Resurrection to punish them for every picture they have drawn, and they shall be punished in Hell."

Perhaps the Father of the Faithful has been persuaded that the Apostle of Allah had no idea of such inventions as the camera. Certainly Europe has sent nothing to Morocco that has pleased its young ruler so much. Some of his cameras, with their cases of solid gold, are said to be the finest machines ever made.

Life in a Moorish harem is a very restricted affair, and though in the Sultan's household the womenfolk have extensive gardens for their recreation, whether the Court be at Marrakesh, Fez, Mequinez, or Rabat, in the houses of ordinary citizens of position and wealth they have no exercise at all. Only the flat roof-top is reserved for them, and in the afternoon they repair thither, often with an old woman or a eunuch within hearing should the house be within easy distance of other dwelling-places, or even of the open road. But the storks, so greatly esteemed all over the East, are allowed to visit the fair or dusky prisoners, and so it happens, in Mohammedan lands, that the stork is the friend of love-sick youths, who beseech the "Father of the Red Legs" to carry their messages of love to the inaccessible fair. And when the stork rattles his mandibles, he is giving the message entrusted to him; but, unfortunately, only Suleiman ben Daoud learned the secrets of the bird's language, and he forgot to transmit his knowledge to posterity.

The harem of Morocco's Sultans is recruited from all parts of the world. Lalla R'khia, the mother of the present Sultan, was a Circassian woman, and was purchased in Constantinople for the Royal harem by a well-known Kaid, named Mohammed Brisha. Her price was many thousands of pounds. Women of every shade of colour are to be found, from the pure black of Central Africa and the lands beyond Wad Draa to a pure white. All the novelty of being a parent passes quickly from a Sultan of Morocco, many a ruler numbering his offspring literally by the hundred, while one great Sultan of the

Maghreb was actually the father of some nine hundred and fifty. The children are kept in the harem during the early years; but the boys are sent away long before they enter their teens, and are generally distributed all over the country, lest they should conspire against their father. Only the son of a principal favourite can have any chance of remaining near the Court, and he is so very carefully guarded that he is almost a prisoner.

It is the custom of the present Sultan, as it was the custom of his father before him, to have a grand parade of the harem on a certain evening in the week, and to select from the ranks the companion of the following days. This is the only event of interest in the lives of the harem folk until the Sultan goes on tour. Then some hundreds are chosen to accompany His Majesty, and extraordinary precautions are taken that no unauthorised person may look upon them. So unsafe are the Moorish roads that the late Sultan Mulai el Hassan was robbed of all his travelling harem by the men of Ghaita in the earlier years of his reign. They made a determined attack upon his expeditionary force and defeated it, and then carried off the Royal harem, which no soldier of the Royal forces dared approach near enough to protect.

For the most part, the occupants of a large harem pass a very miserable life. They have little or no exercise, too much to eat, and until they have borne a son to their owner their position is by no means a pleasant one. So soon as the reproach of childlessness is withdrawn they have a better status under Mohammedan law, but even then the pleasure of lying upon cushions all day and eating sweets from Paris is apt to pale after a few months. The quarters of the women are naturally a hotbed of most varied intrigue, and the precautions taken by the master of the house do not always succeed in maintaining the privacy so greatly sought after.

Every year the Royal harem is subjected to important changes. Many of the women are removed and given to high officials of the Court. This saves a considerable expense to the Royal Household, and the gift of a concubine is by way of being regarded as a compliment. It has some drawbacks, for the new-comer is oftentimes a spy sent to make inquiry concerning the loyalty of her new master. The Sultan's agents are always on the look-out for recruits for the harem, and many girls are brought up with great care and attention, and taught to play, sing, and dance, in the hope that they may some day be honoured by the Royal approval.

If one may take a glance at the Royal bed-chamber, it will be found to be furnished with one big raised couch and to have from eight to a dozen mattresses ranged at regular intervals round the room. The colouring of such an apartment leaves much to be desired, and the ventilation

is sadly to seek. But it would savour of *lèse-majesté* to write more about the matter.

Our photographs on this and the facing page are from a book on the Sultan's home-life by Gabriel Veyre.



A THREE-COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH BY THE SULTAN:
A HAREM CRITIC OF THE SULTAN'S WORK.

From the "Illustrated London News" of Sept. 30.



A CYCLE RACE IN THE PALACE, TAKEN ON THE SULTAN'S CINEMATOGRAPH.

From the "Illustrated London News" of Sept. 30.

POSING FOR THEIR LORD AND MASTER:

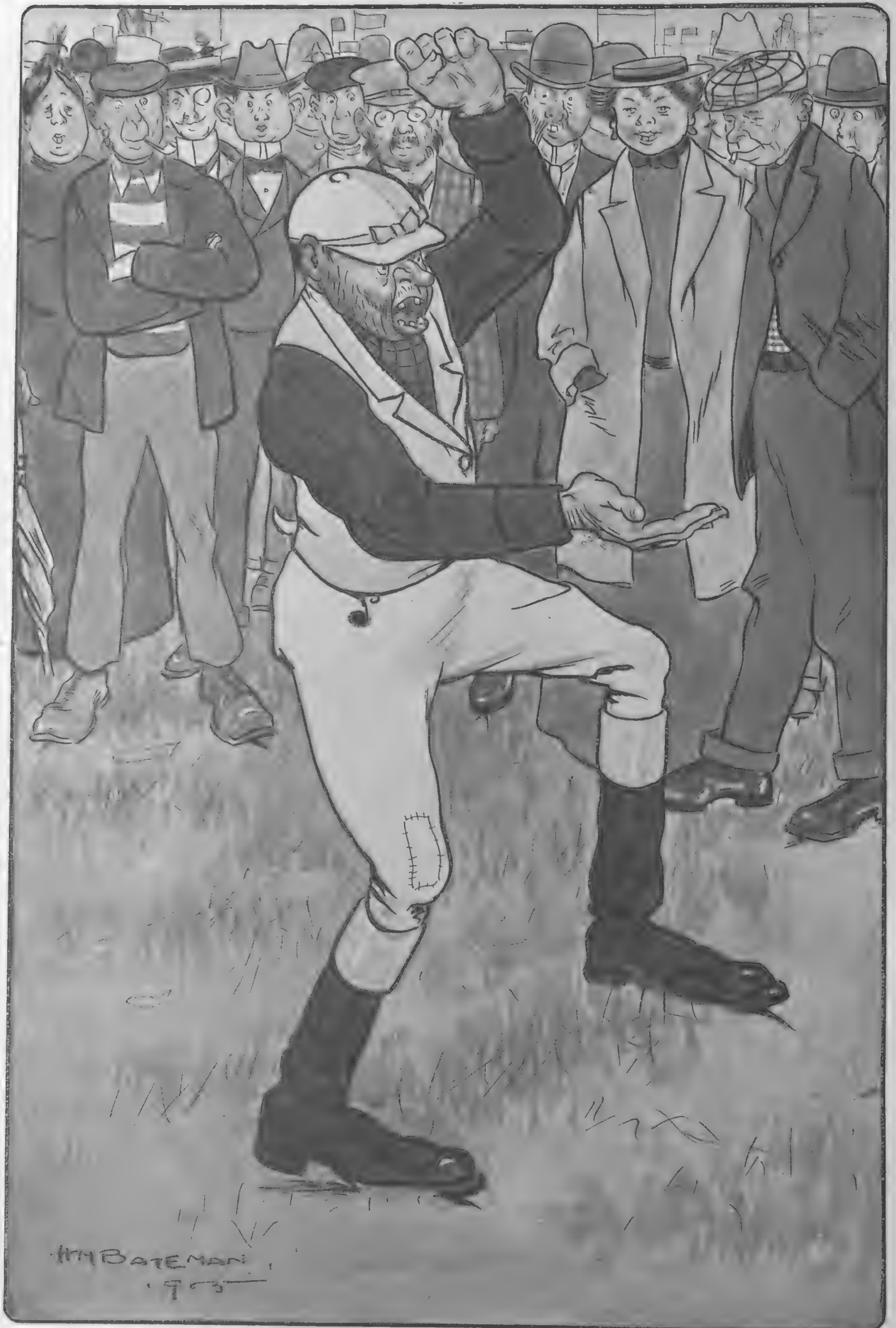
HAREM BEAUTIES SNAPSHOTTED BY THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO.



A FINE EXAMPLE OF HAREM PHOTOGRAPHY BY HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY ABDUL AZIZ OF MOROCCO.

The Sultan, who is mad on Western inventions, to the detriment, some say, of his kingdom, is an enthusiastic photographer, and finds some of his best subjects in his own Harem.

A TURF PHILANTHROPIST.



THE TIPSTER—A FALSE PROPHET.

"Look at me! Do I look like a liar? Ain't I spent me last cent to come 'ere to make yer bloomin' millionaires, etc., etc.?"

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

"TRUTH IS STRANGER," ETC.



CAUTIOUS CUSTOMER : But if he's a young horse, why do his knees bend so ?

DEALER : Well, Sir, to tell yer the 'onest truth, the poor animal 'as bin living in a stable as was too low for 'im, and 'e's 'ad to stoop.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE cessation of *Longman's Magazine* is an unwelcome fact. It is unwelcome because during its twenty-three years' life the magazine was always well conducted and maintained a high literary standard. The causeries by Mr. Andrew Lang were bright and racy, and space was given to things which would not easily have found a place elsewhere. This, indeed, is the real trouble. The cessation of *Longman's* means the end of an era and of a fashion which many of us liked well. The literary magazine without illustrations is evidently having a hard time. As the Editor of *Longman's* observes in his editorial note: "The great advance made in cheap processes for the reproduction of drawings and photographs has called into existence a number of magazines and papers depending largely upon their illustrations. Competition for the patronage of the sixpenny public has become very severe, and the mere endeavour to keep up a high literary standard is nowadays not sufficient." It will be calamitous if all our monthlies become of one type.

I do not forget that an effort has been made, not unsuccessfully, to popularise the magazine without illustrations; but there are still those who like to read sound and weighty literary essays. Happily, there still survive a few periodicals in which these are inserted, but whether these periodicals are remunerative to their publishers is another question. There is no doubt that publishers will go on for a time losing money over a magazine with a small circulation, but they will not go on losing money for ever. For my part, I prefer to see a magazine dying with dignity. Anything is better than to economise and reduce the number of pages, so as to preserve in a nominal existence a periodical which has become the shadow of its former self.

It is not yet too late, I hope, for me to pay a brief tribute to my old friend and fellow-worker, Mr. L. F. Austin. What struck everyone who knew him was the determined resolution with which he went on toiling. His copy could always be depended upon; he hardly ever refused an engagement; he knew nothing about labour-saving devices; hour after hour he kept on writing, and he never fell below a high level. But he managed, notwithstanding, to live as well as to write. He had a keen gust of such pleasures as may be enjoyed by a London journalist, and found time for many social gaieties. Thus he burned the candle at both ends. Notwithstanding his indomitable courage and gaiety, it had been too apparent for some time that the stress was telling heavily. He succumbed in a moment, and that was well. Upon no man would the burden of enforced inaction have pressed more painfully.

The novel of the autumn season in America will be Mrs. Wharton's "House of Mirth." Few serials for many years past have created as much discussion as this very remarkable

story. It is a picture of American smart society written from the centre, and with uncommon skill and brightness.

Mr. Huneker, who has made quite a reputation as a dramatic and musical critic, has in preparation a new book of stories to be entitled "Visionaries." These tales, which he himself calls occult and pagan, mystical and Gothic, are said to be remarkable for their brilliancy and unexpectedness. They take up the life of our day from a most original and unusual point of view. Maurice Maeterlinck, writing of Mr. Huneker's book of dramatic criticism, "Iconoclasts," says: "Do you know that 'Iconoclasts' is the only book of high and universal

critical work that we have had for years—to be precise, since Georg Brandes! It is at once strong and fine, supple and firm, indulgent and sure."

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, in her introduction to "The Wrong Box," which was written while Stevenson was living in the Adirondacks, has something to say of her housekeeping difficulties. She writes—

The difficulties of managing a household under such primitive conditions as we had to contend with were manifold, and sometimes so unexpected that my mother-in-law and I would be near despair. I remember one day, having just finished a meal that cost us an immense expenditure of energy in gathering together its component parts, Francis, the chore boy, casually remarked to the cook, "It would have been better to wait for Mr. Sullivan." Eager questioning brought out the fact that a telegram had come that morning from Mr. Sullivan announcing his intended arrival. The telegram had been read aloud to the loungers at the post-office, who instantly jumped to the conclusion that our visitor must be the pugilist, John L. Sullivan, who was a recent winner in a great prize-fight. In the excitement, nobody thought of sending the

telegram to its legitimate destination, but hastened to the station, where they awaited the arrival of Mr. T. R. Sullivan for hours. The unconscious victim of this ludicrous mistake was surprised and embarrassed by the sensation he created, his points being audibly discussed as he passed through the crowd.

Mr. Henry Norman's new book, "Motors and Men," will deal with the Coming of the Motor; the Cost of Motoring; Types of the Car; the Motor-Cycle; Owner and Servant; How to Care for a Car; Motor-Camping; Motorists and the Public; the Moralities of Motoring and the Future of Motoring.

Mrs. Flora Annie Steel has prepared a volume entitled a "Book of Mortals: Being a Record of the Good Deeds and Qualities of what Humanity is pleased to call the Lower Animals. Collected by a Fellow Mortal." The book is described as an impassioned appeal for due recognition of what may be called the human element in animals, their intimate relation to and far-reaching influence upon man. It consists of two parts: (1) "What our Fellow Mortals are"; (2) "What they have done for Man"; illustrated by modern instances, the dim myths of East and West, and by appropriate poem, fable, and anecdote. There are forty full-page illustrations. The work will be published by Mr. Heinemann.

O. O.



CAN THIS BE LOVE?

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

Some Social Pests.



VIII.—"THE PETROL PERSON."

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

NATURE DEFIES RED TAPE.



"The 'Army Orders' say, 'Caps to be worn straight on the head.' What do you mean by wearing yours crooked, Private O'Malley?"

"Please, Sergeant, it's my face that's crooked."

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

A NOVEL

IN

A NUTSHELL.

A MAN OF HIS WORD.

BY

CAROLINE MARRIAGE.



THE carrier's cart had pulled up at "The Miners' Arms," the horse with a patience that spoke eloquently of long practice awaited. Tod's pleasure in the moonlight, and through the open door of the inn came the subdued sound of distant merry-making. "The Miners' Arms" stands end-on to the road, and when the horse heard nearing footsteps that halted at the house-corner, and then made their way rather undecidedly towards the uncurtained window of the bar-parlour, it probably gave no more thought to the matter than to conclude that here was another human animal with like tastes and habits to the carrier. It was nearing ten o'clock, and the horse was tired and sleepy; when, therefore, it felt by the shakings and jerks of the shafts that someone was scrambling into the back of the cart, it naturally concluded that closing hour had struck, and that Tod was settling himself comfortably into a safe place to sleep off the effects of his potations. The thing had often occurred before, and the horse knew the way to Wray Castle quite as well as did his master.

The rattle of the wheels on the cobbles brought Tod to the door-step, and one of the ministering angels that seem always at hand to attend to men in Tod's condition stopped the cart before it had gone many yards. Tod was hoisted up to his seat, the reins were put into his hands, he was bid to sit tight, and a second start was made. With his head against the arched green cover of the van and his gaze turned heavenwards, Tod sang a song to the moon of his own composing; judged by ordinary musical standards, it was tuneless but fervid. This relief to his emotions was followed by a desire to rest. Subsiding gracefully into the cart, so that only his feet protruded over the front board, he spent the next hour or two in masterly inactivity. It is a wise ruler who understands when to trust his subordinates.

It would be about half-way between "The Miners' Arms" and Wray Castle that Tod came, more or less, to himself, the cramped sensations of his body making sleep no longer possible. As he was dragging himself painfully into a more comfortable angle, he became aware of an unexplained movement in the back of the cart. "What's to do now?" he grumbled, prodding energetically into the dimness with the butt-end of his whip. "Lie still and bide quiet. If thou'd the sense to ken whar thou'rt bound for, thou'd be i' less of a hurry."

A moment later he stopped the horse, being puzzled by the sound of human laughter where only a calf should be; but, originally a man of some imagination, his sojourn at "The Miners' Arms" had prepared him to believe in miracles. The moonlight showed him the figure of a girl, but, remembering the deceitfulness of after-supper impressions, he addressed it in tones of intelligent inquiry: "How did ye get out o' t' sack? Ye were tied up safe enough at Kirkby."

She paused on her hands and knees. "Tod," she said, reproachfully, "you've been drinking."

"Well," he retorted, "what of that? We all drink."

"We don't all drink what you've been drinking."

"Ye would if ye'd tried it," he said, gravely.

"Nor so much."

"Mebby ye haven't t' chance."

"Fancy not noticing the difference between a calf and a girl!"

"It's nowt to do wi' me, anyway."

"What isn't?"

"The differ-differenshes. There may be d-differenshes, there may be none. It's nowt to do wi' me; I didn't mak' either of ye."

"It's sometimes handy to know t' other from which!"

"Nay," said Tod, indifferently, "it's none of my concern. All I've to do is to tak' the lot of ye to Mr. Shwinbank's an' drop ye there. He'll sort ye over after."

"Mr. Shwinbank?"

"Tisn't Shwinbank; it's Ssh-ssswinbank. Ye don't seem able to talk 'shtinctly."

"Well, then, Swinbank," said the girl, impatiently.

"Thatsh better, but ye haven't it right yet. Shsswinbank! Have anoother try."

"Where does he live?"

"Right ye are. We'll tak' t' will for t' deed. If a body can't shpeak 'shtinctly, quite right to let it alone. Difficult word, Shwinbank."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Tod. Whatever will your wife say when she sees you?"

"My wife sensible woman; wouldn't blame a man for no fault of his. Carrier's there to carry; it ain't no concern of his what, so long's he's paid for 't. She'll not be jealous of you!"

"I want you to put me down here," said the girl, retiring from the combat. "I haven't a purse with me, but I live at Winsgill. If you were as you ought to be, you'd know who I was."

"Mebby I'll know i' heaven," said Tod, hopefully. "It's a wicked world, and we're none as we ought to be. Whatsh to do now?" he added, as he noticed, to his astonishment, that the girl was preparing to get out, though the cart was in motion. "You bide whar you are."

"You know Simon Hunter," said the girl, supposing it to be the carrier's greed that stood in way of her escape. "He's my father; he'll give you what is right next time he sees you. You needn't be afraid of not getting your money."

"I've got that already," rejoined Tod, slapping his pocket. "Owd Tommie paid for t' lot of ye."

"Old Tommie?"

"Owd Tommie at Kirkby. Ye seem fairly to ha'e lost yeer wits."

"Let me get out!" she cried, angrily.

"Not me!" said the man, keeping a firm grip on her arm. "You'll get out at Wray Castle wi' t' rest."

"But that's miles and miles beyond Winsgill!" cried the girl, piteously. "You must know Winsgill: it's the little white house on the hill after you leave Blair. You must know my father—everyone knows Simon Hunter. He'll be sitting up, wondering what's become of me. You don't want to get me into trouble, I'm sure."

Tod was visibly moved by her tale, but he did not loosen his hold on her arm. "There, there," he said, soothingly, "don't you mak' such a set ower nowt. He'll not be thinkin' of ye. If he's awake at all, he'll just be turnin' ower on to t' oother side to have one more snooze afore milkin'-time."

His words roused a new fear in her. Looking past the carrier's homely countenance, she understood that what she had taken to be moonlight was the dawning of another day.

"Where are we now?" she asked, in a sort of sullen despair.

"Nearing Wray Castle," answered Tod, cheerfully. "When we get by the toll-house I'd rather ye sat inside, if it's all t' same to you. My wife stirs early, an', though ye're not much to look at, she might ha'e something to say about it. Our winders looks on to t' high-road."

"Why won't you stop and let me get down?" she cried, in sudden appeal.

"Ye ought to tak' shame to yesell," returned Tod, indignantly, "tryin' to c'rrupt an honest man. When owd Tommie says to me, 'Tod,' says he, 'you're drunk again!' 'Drunk or sober,' says I, 'I'll land yeer goods safe at their journey's end. Hoo many of them is there?' I says. 'They're all i' t' cart,' says he, 'an' they're all for t' one house. Thoo's nobbut to see 'et they bide whar they are, an' t' folk at t' oother end'll count them over.'"

"But I've never been to Kirkby in my life. I got in at Yarl'sfleet."

"Ye'll bide whar ye are till we get to Shwinbank's. He'll count t' goods over, an' if ye're not on t' invoice he'll soon tell ye. Thatsh my way of doin' business; 'Drunk or sober, Tommie,' says I, 'I'm a man of my word an' I'll land yeer goods safely.'"

"How far is it to the toll-house?" asked the girl, the idea suddenly occurring to her that she might slip out of the back of the cart as they crawled up the next hill. "Perhaps I had better get inside again?"

"Not for a while yet," answered Tod. "Ye can sit whar ye are an' talk to me; a bit o' coompany shortens t' road rarely."

"I'm not wanting to talk," said the girl, sulkily; "I want to get out and go home."

"I kind o' half remember yeer face now I coom to look at ye," remarked Tod, after a prolonged stare at his now silent companion. "Ye'd not be such a bad-lookin' lass if ye were washed an' brushed oop a bit."

"Indeed!" said the girl, crimsoning under the flour that had called forth his back-handed compliment. "It's clean dirt, anyway," she added, looking at him vindictively as she began rubbing her sleeve with one hand.

"Soom of it," said Tod, dispassionately. "Meal's a tell-tale neighbour, but since ye are all i' the one lot it's no great matter. Now, if ye'd been soombody else's goods, or summat o' consequence, there'd ha'e been the fat i' the fire; folk allus blame t' carrier, 'tis what he's there for. Ye'll not get it off that way," he continued, watching her efforts. "I'll lend ye a handkerchief if ye're wi'out one." He pulled out a wisp of red cotton, only to have it rejected with contumely.

"Is it off now?" she asked, turning a reluctant face towards the man, there being no other mirror. He studied her gravely for a moment.

"Most of it. There's a line o' black down the bridge of yeer nose; if it wasn't for that, ye put me in mind of an almanack t' Missus has hangin' oop at home. It's a picter of them good old times folk talks of—they may have 'em for me!—two bold-faced hussies wi' red cheeks, an' nothin' over their necks, an' their hair as white an' as tousled as a sheep's back. They had funny fashions i' them days."

The girl, understanding from this that the flour had got into her hair, began to remedy the evil with such primitive means as were at her disposal.

"Is it out now?"

"It's getting darker," he said, encouragingly; "ootherwise, it's not much better. I've seen tidier tramps."

"And I've seen smarter carriers," said the girl, not to be out-distanced in frankness.

"Mebby," said Tod. "I don't set out to be smart; but, drunk or sober, I'm a man of my word."

"Yes," said the girl, meditatively; "folk all speak of you as a man to depend upon. A sensible, kind-hearted man," she added, with a side-glance at Tod; "just the one to come to if one got into a difficulty."

The carrier's face lost its expression of imbecile tenacity and took on the look of a fox-terrier when his head is scratched with understanding.

"Drunk or sober," pursued the girl, "you're just the one to use your own judgment and use it wisely."

Tod sat up more stiffly under her praises, and he waved his whip with elation and cheered on the horse, which had already felt the quickening influence of a not far distant stable. The first houses of Wray Castle were in sight, and the girl must speak to the point and

without delay if her release was to be effected without the humiliating offices of a stranger.

"The case is this," she said, hurriedly; "I was passing 'The Miners' Arms' and just looked in at the window."

"Poor sort of fun, that," said Tod, sympathetically.

"And seeing you in there, and knowing you were just the man to be ready to do one a kindness, I made up my mind to ask you for a lift as far as Blair."

"An' ye 'did right," said Tod, his heart swelling with noble generosity. "I'd ha'e taken ye to Lunnon if I'd been goin' as far myself."

"I was tired. I'd been to a Band-of-Hope meeting at Yarl'sfleet—"

"No wonder ye were tired," broke in Tod, in scandalised accents. "Whatever mad' ye go to sike a place? A sensible young woman as ye seem to be. Ye should know better nor that; at your age, too! Ye're old enough to know what's what."

"I got into the cart while you were in the inn. There were some folk on the road I wanted to avoid, and when I saw you I said to myself, 'Here's a man to be trusted.' And after that I must have gone to sleep."

She looked at Tod almost affectionately as she spoke, but he was too much taken up with a new train of thought to feel pleasure in her confidence or approval.

"If I'd ha'e known ye were one o' them sort——," he began, indignantly.

"What sort?" she cried, taking offence at his tone.

"Why, one o' them Band o' Hopeful ones; you shouldn't have been sittin' in this here cart, not by Joseph!"

"It was a very good meeting," said the girl, dropping her tone of offence and assuming the air of one offering an apology. "There were a lot of interesting things said, if only I could remember them."

But I've a reading here I was to have given them if there'd been time. I think you would like to hear it." Fumbling in her pocket, she drew a crumpled pamphlet into sight and began to clear her throat ominously.

"No you don't!" said Tod, threateningly. "You put that trac' where it coom from, or you'll find yesell landed out in the road i' no time; an' don't say I gave ye no warnin'."

"Just this bit," she pleaded, and she fluttered the pages to and fro, to Tod's infinite terror. "Just the bit where it says——"

Tod checked the impatient horse and spoke with the sternness a man may be pardoned when forbearance has been pushed beyond its limits.

"I'll not hear a damned word of it!" he shouted. "And if Tommie isn't satisfied I'll give him his money back. Tommie or no Tommie, a man has a right to protect himself on his own licensed van. You go home, young woman, an' read what yeer Bible says about females keepin' silence an' leavin' preachin' an' morilisin' to their husbands."

"And how if they've got no husband?" cried the girl, standing unabashed and triumphant on the public road.

"An' you won't never get one, not the way you're goin'," said the carrier, as he urged his horse forward.

THE END.



FLUSTERED OLD LADY: What time is the next train for Puddleboro', young man?

PORTER: Not another one till 4.14, Ma'am.

FLUSTERED OLD LADY (devoutly): Thank 'evins, I'm in time!

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



A PROBLEM-PLAY without anybody's past is the delicately humorous way in which Mr. Jerome K. Jerome describes his adaptation of Jules Lemaitre's comedy which Mr. Frohman will produce in America. At present the title is "The Overseer," though it will not stand, for Mr. Jerome will find another name for his work when he goes to New York, where he is to begin a tour of the leading cities of the Union at the Empire Theatre on Tuesday, 17th instant. He will give readings from his own work, published and unpublished.

Mr. Jerome is happily predestined to success, for his work is held in high esteem on the other side of the Atlantic, and readings and lectures by popular men are a form of entertainment which, though regarded as rather dull by our public, is highly appreciated in America.

Mr. Cyril Maude will on Monday evening next break the run of "Beauty and the Barge," with which he has been having a remarkable success on tour, in order to produce "The Cabinet Minister." This will be the first time Mr. Pinero's play has been seen out of London, and the change has been made primarily in order to allow Miss Winifred Emery to appear in Manchester, the city of her birth. On this occasion, Mr. Maude will resign the part of Joseph Lebanon, and play Sir Julian Twombly, which was acted at the Haymarket by Mr. Eric Lewis. The Manchester public will therefore see the Mr. and Mrs. Maude of private life as man and wife on the stage.

The performance of "Beauty and the Barge" will, however, be resumed at Newcastle the following week, and the play will be continued for the remainder of Mr. Maude's tour, with the exception of a week in Glasgow, the second of Mr. Maude's stay in that city, when, for Miss Emery's sake, "The Cabinet Minister" will again be put into the bill.

Advantage has been taken of Mr. Cyril Maude's presence in Manchester to invite him to take the chair at the big meeting of the Actors' Association for which the Prince's Theatre has been lent. It is expected that the attendance will be a record one.

The many admirers of Mr. J. D. Beveridge will be gratified at the announcement that he has made a great success in New York in "Man and Superman."

The way in which managers change their arrangements to oblige one another has been pleasantly illustrated at the Waldorf, where the Messrs. Shubert have altered the date of their production of "Lights Out" until the Thursday of next week, in order to accommodate Mr. Tree, who was suddenly and unceremoniously thrust out of his own theatre by what a humourist called "The crack of dome," a word he pronounced after the punning Elizabethan manner exemplified by Shakspeare's play on the words "Rome" and "room" in the line—
Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,
which has so often been spoken at His Majesty's.

When the curtain rises on "The Merchant of Venice" at the Garrick Theatre on the Wednesday of next week, it will witness

Mr. Bouchier's first appearance in Shakspeare since he has been a manager. The scenery for the revival has been painted by Messrs. Hawes Craven, Hann, Hemsley, McCleery, and Harford, the first-named of whom produced most of the scenery for Sir Henry Irving's Shaksperian productions at the Lyceum. In addition to Mr. Bouchier

as Shylock and Miss Violet Vanbrugh as Portia, the cast is as follows: The Duke of Venice, Mr. Arthur Whitby; Prince of Morocco, Mr. Lawson Butt; Antonio, Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw; Bassanio, Mr. Julian L'Estrange; Gratiano, Mr. Harcourt Williams; Lorenzo, Mr. Walter Pearce; Salanio, Mr. Wilfred Forster; Salarino, Mr. George Trollope; Salerio, Mr. David Domville; Tubal, Mr. Charles V. France; Old Gobbo, Mr. O. B. Clarence; Launcelot Gobbo, Mr. Norman Forbes; Nerissa, Miss Muriel Beaumont; Jessica, Miss Elfrida Clement. It will be noticed that Mr. Bouchier keeps Salerio instead of giving the lines to either Salarino or Salanio, as is often done.

In connection with the first association of the names of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bouchier with Shakspeare at their own theatre, it is an interesting domestic note that it was when engaged for Benedick and Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing" that they first met.

Exceedingly interesting is the experiment to be made next Friday evening, when Mr. Frederick Mouillot will bring a special trainful of playgoers from Manchester to enable Judge Parry's friends to see his and Mr. Mouillot's play, "What the Butler Saw," at the Savoy. Hitherto, the actors have gone forth to seek their audiences, but Mr. Mouillot's departure suggests a new régime. The special train will leave Manchester at twenty minutes past four in the afternoon. Dinner will be served on the way, so that when the train arrives at Marylebone Station at ten minutes past eight the passengers will be ready to leave in the special conveyances which will be waiting to take them to the theatre. After the performance they will be conveyed to the station, where the train will leave at midnight, and arrive in Manchester at ten to four, supper being served on the way back. The price of tickets, including everything, will be only two guineas, so that the visitors, for whom stalls and dress-circle will be reserved, will pay seven shillings less than they would for an ordinary return-ticket, while they may, if they like, stop over until the following Monday without any additional charge.

Decidedly out of the ordinary as this special train is from Manchester, there was one actor to whose genius it was a regular tribute. This was the late Edwin Booth. Washington had for him such a horror, by reason of the fact that it was in that city that his brother, Junius Brutus Booth, killed Abraham Lincoln, that he would never go there, and, in spite of the most flattering inducements, he refused

to appear in any of its theatres. The nearest he ever went to Washington was, of course, Baltimore, and regularly every year he played a week's engagement in that city noted for its beautiful women. Every night of his engagement special trains used to be run from Washington to Baltimore and back again, in order that the Washingtonians might have the opportunity of seeing him act, and the number of people was so large that it paid the railway company handsomely.



FROM STAGE TO CONVENT: Mlle. ROCOSCA, THE WARSAW DANCER WHO HAS TAKEN THE VEIL.

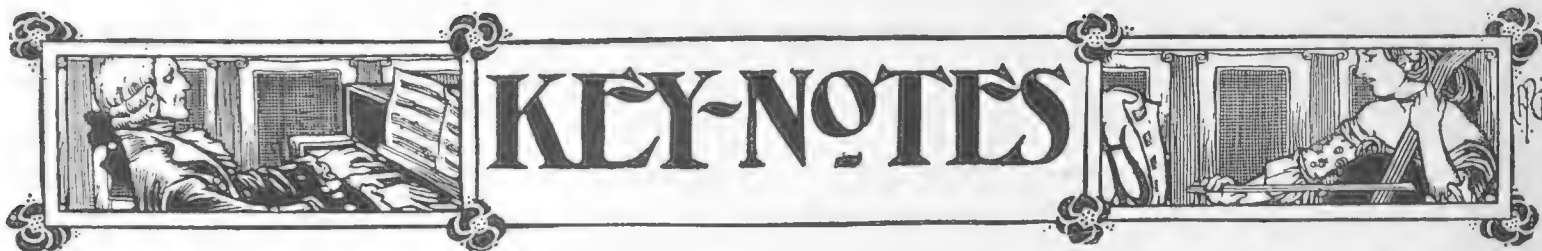
Mlle. Rocosca is said to be one of the most beautiful women in Europe.

Photograph by the Exclusive News Agency.



THE CLOSING TABLEAU IN THE TEMPLE OF LIGHT FROM THE REVIVED BALLET, "EXCELSIOR," AT THE LYCEUM.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



THE organ, naturally, takes its place as the greatest of invented instruments, inasmuch as it combines nearly all the suggestion of the orchestra, despite the fact that its musical life depends upon wind. Messrs. W. Hill and Son have been engaged during the last three months in cleaning and repairing the grand organ at the Queen's Hall, and it was arranged to use the instrument, apart from the intrusion of any other combination, for the first time on Saturday, the 30th ult. That very well-known organist, Dr. W. B. Ross, of Edinburgh, was engaged for the occasion to play Boelmann's "Fantaisie Dialogues" for the organ. All the pipes have been removed for cleaning purposes, and the mechanism has been brought up to date by the substitution of pneumatic couplers for the mechanical ones which were previously used; other purely technical details need not be referred to here, but it is interesting to record that the wirework has, throughout the whole organic system—if so frivolous a pun may be allowed—been renewed, as the present writer is informed, "with the latest non-corrosive phosphor-bronze wire." To the learned all these words mean, of course, something definite; naturally, the writer who deals constantly with music understands their meaning thoroughly; but it must be confessed that this diction is rather unintelligible in its aloofness, and that it might almost seem as if the general public were intended to be strangers to the art of music, save through what may be called a translation.

The first week's programme for the Covent Garden Opera Season, which begins on Oct. 5, is now published. Mention has already been made of Madame Melba's reappearance in "La Bohème" on the opening night. "Un Ballo in Maschera" will be presented upon the second night, and the week will be ended by a performance of "Rigoletto." On Monday, Oct. 9, Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" will be given, and it will be curious to contrast the old Italian school with the newer school, by comparing that opera with the one which will succeed it on the following night, "Il Trovatore." On the Wednesday Puccini will again be represented by his "La Tosca," probably the most powerful work which he has so far written, if it is not the most charming. Further news concerning this venturesome season will be laid before the public later on. There is, however, no question but that Messrs. Rendle and Forsyth have brought to London a new musical experience which they determine to realise through the finest works of modern operatic art, produced with the surroundings of excellent scenery, careful mounting, and, above all, a well-trained chorus which cannot be bettered in London at the present moment.

Signor Mugnone will conduct the first six performances, and the artists with whom he will be associated include such names as Madame Giachetti, Madame Buoninsegna, Madame de Cisneros, and Mlle. Trentini. We have already mentioned the name of Madame Melba, who will, no doubt, be one of the greatest attractions of this season. Signor Sammarco, Signor de Marchi, Signor Stracciari, Signor Zenatello, and Signor Giorgini will also figure among the principal artists of the various casts. It may be added that a new scene by Mr. Harry Brooke will be provided for the Saturday performance of "Rigoletto," and that Mr. Bruce Smith's work will also form an admirable asset to the success of this season.

On Melba nights—that is, on the Thursday and on the Saturday during the first week—the prices of the orchestra-stalls will be

one guinea; the other seats on the same occasions are proportionately raised. In the ordinary way, the stalls, grand-circle, balcony, amphitheatre, and gallery range downwards from something over half-a-guinea to one shilling. To musicians this season should prove whether or not Englishmen and Englishwomen really appreciate opera, when fashion scarcely enters into the matter, and when everything depends upon the patronage of the public more than upon the patronage of those who, as a rule, visit Covent Garden for the sake of social pleasure.

The London Choral Society has issued its preliminary programme of the works which are now in preparation, and which they hope to produce at the Queen's Hall during the coming season. One of the

most interesting of these, from an English point of view, will be Mr. Frederick Cliffe's "Ode to the North-East Wind," which is to be first produced at the forthcoming Sheffield Festival, and the pianoforte score of which lies now before us. It would ill become a critic to reckon from such a score the orchestral value of the music, but it can be safely asserted that the talent of a musician who is constantly observing the objective things of the world is here shown to fulfil itself to no small purpose. Of course, Mr. Cliffe falls into the inevitable trap, in which even Wagner himself was involved, when he writes his music for the East Wind in chromatic scales. His change of mood, however, is always touched with a sense of musical beauty, so far as we can at present make judgment; moreover, although one may most heartily dislike his choice of subject, there is no question but that he has treated it in a musicianly manner. Let us trust that, if he will be consistently true to his open-air feeling for music, his next musical inspiration may come from Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind."

A humourist who has written to one of the daily papers, and signs himself with the initials "C. S.," made a small comment concerning the performance announced of the Choral Symphony at the Queen's Hall some few days ago. "The programme for to-night," says he, "will include Beethoven's Choral Symphony with the choral portion omitted, 'by special request.'" That correspondent, who also added these words, "This is funny, but not the sort of humour that we have been led to expect from Mr. H. J. Wood," makes a quiet but biting criticism upon a performance which should never have been given in the Queen's Hall, under so fine a conductor, and with so

fine an orchestra as was engaged in the public interpretation of Beethoven's Choral Symphony. The extremely pathetic and historical conditions under which that Symphony was written, when the composer, absolutely deaf, listened in his inner soul to the ultimate work of his brain, the national interest which Englishmen should have in remembering that it was in London that the first performance of the Symphony took place, that it was from the Philharmonic Society that Beethoven received payment for it—inadequate indeed where all payment must necessarily be inadequate for such a composition—combine to make our complaint just and reasonable. Mr. Henry Wood has done so much towards the furtherance of musical art in England, he has been so rightly praised and so keenly appreciated, that it may be hoped that such an error will never again be committed, and that, if the authorities at Queen's Hall again bring forward any performance of the Ninth Symphony, it will be done with a full choral contingent. Mr. Wood, who has received so much praise with equanimity, will surely receive a slight reproof with charity. COMMON CHORD.



THE WINNER OF THE PRIX RUBINSTEIN: HERR WILHELM BACKHAUS.

Herr Backhaus is one of the most distinguished of our younger pianists. His success in winning the Prix Rubinstein is thoroughly well deserved. On Oct. 14 at the Queen's Hall he will perform the Rubinstein Prize Programme.

Photograph by Branger.



THE LIFE OF TYRES—A TEST OF CARS USED IN THE TOURISTS' TROPHY—THE SURVIVAL OF STEAM—THE COMING MOTOR SHOW AT OLYMPIA—BAGGAGE-TRANSPORT.

IF careful notice is taken, it will be found that there is quite an extraordinary variation in the life of tyres, although, as is very frequently the case, they are of the same size and make and fitted to similar cars. This shortage in tyre-life is due, as often as not, to improper as against proper usage of tyres, one point neglected being that of inflation. A well-known racing-motorist has not only been experimenting himself as to the most economical pressure



NOT SO DUSTY: A MODERATE DUST-RAISER IN THE BERKSHIRE AUTOMOBILE CLUB DUST-TRIALS AT MAIDENHEAD.

The cars ran at fifteen, twenty, and twenty-five miles an hour. At the lower speed little dust was raised, but at the higher rates the clouds were very dense. Vehicles with a clear run under the body made, perhaps, a little less dust than others.

Photograph by the Topical Press.

at which to use tyres, but has obtained from the four following Companies the figures given hereunder as the pressure per square inch to which their tyres should be inflated. Dunlops, front-wheel 70 lb.; back-wheel 85 to 90 lb. Michelin, 70 to 80 lb.; 70 to 80 lb. Palmers, 75 to 80 lb.; 95 to 100 lb. Continental, 75 lb.; 80 lb.

If the above pressures are not very closely adhered to, a severe hinging action takes place just above the point of contact with the ground all the time the tyre is rolling, with the result that the friction one upon the other of the different layers of material forming the cover has a great heating effect, tending to the rapid disintegration of the rubber and the weakening of the fabric insertions. Tyres should always be pumped up with a pump fitted with a good pressure-gauge, in order that the above-named pressures may be obtained and maintained.

Of course, one must abide by results; but amongst those who have studied the question there is very little doubt but that for Mr. Rolls' misfortune in the first few opening yards of the late Tourist Trophy Competition in the Isle of Man the two Rolls-Royce cars would have finished first and second. In order to test the difference between the car that finished and the car that stopped so early, Messrs. Rolls and Co. organised a trial on the London-Oxford road at the latter end of the week before last, which trial was brought off in the early hours of the morning. A start was made as soon as there was light enough to see, and the whole thing was over before the world and his wife had rubbed their eyes open.

A distance of $42\frac{1}{2}$ miles over the hilliest section of the above road was selected, and the cars were No. 1 of the Tourist Competition, again driven by Mr. Rolls, and No. 22, the runner-up, driven by Mr. Claude Johnson. On the outward journey, No. 1 consumed 1.72 gallons for the $42\frac{1}{2}$ miles, equal to 24.7 miles per gallon, with one stop, while No. 22 used 1.69 gallons, equal to 25.1 miles per gallon. On the return journey, No. 1 employed 1.93 gallons, equal to 22 miles per gallon, and No. 22 1.72 gallons, equal to 24.6 miles per gallon. No. 1 showed itself to be appreciably faster than No. 22, and the consumption on the outward journey points to the extreme accuracy with which the cars had been designed to meet the circumstances of the competition. Since the above performances, the writer has had an opportunity of travelling in both these cars, which, as turned out for the contest, are all that light touring-cars should be.

Steam is a very long way from having said its last word in the matter of public-service vehicles at least; and that must be admitted by anyone who travels from Oxford Circus to Hammersmith Broadway, or *vice versa*, on the new Clarkson double-decked motor-bus which the London Road Car Company have lately put upon that motor-blessed route. This bus runs quite quietly, gets away and stops twenty-five per cent. faster than the petrol-buses, and quite smoothly at that, is almost twice as fast, and never shows any vapour. With regard to steam-propelled pleasure-cars, the Yankee White, of course, holds the field. Medical men who drive themselves in London say that, after a long day in town, the fatigue of driving a White is not felt in anything like so great a degree as when a gear-changing, clutched petrol-car is used. So says a West-End physician of large motoring experience.

From what has leaked out with regard to the forthcoming Motor Show at Olympia in November next, the English buyer will have little need to cross the Channel this year in search of a good, sound, reliable, and medium-priced autocar. On all hands and in all the above particulars the English maker will be found to have surged abreast, and more than abreast, of his hitherto too successful competitors. The most bitter critics of the English maker have, after all, been his own countrymen, and, though this may suggest a want of consideration, it has, nevertheless, proved a spur to which the urged maker has responded gallantly. It is curious, but it is none the less true, that an English critic would pass over in silence glaring lack of forethought in the design of a French car which he would condemn most severely in any home-made production. And the same with American carriages, wherein malleable castings and bent wire have been suffered without a murmur. I have in mind at the present moment a French car of repute to which magneto-ignition is fitted, and so fitted that when attention has to be given to one important portion of the apparatus the entire carburetter has to be dismantled before the job can be done. If this were an English-built engine, there would be howls of complaint amongst the critics.

The problem of baggage-transport when touring in an open or hooded car is solved by the presence of the long, broad, running steps now fitted to most side-entrance cars. Quite a large quantity of stuff can be so carried, particularly if the bags or trunks are made with a view to the position they are to occupy when the road is taken. There is in this direction another opening for those enterprising

The Duchess of Aosta.

The Duke of Aosta.



The Marchesa di Torrigiano.

Cagno.

THE DUCHESS OF AOSTA AND HER FIAT CAR AT POSILIPO.

The Duchess is speaking to, and very probably congratulating, Cagno on his victory in the Ventaux hill-climbing contest. Cagno, it will be remembered, was thought to have the best chance in the Gordon Bennett, but failed through a mishap to his machine.

Photograph by the Topical Press.

people, Dunhill's, who, at reasonable figures, could turn out the very things for the purpose. The cases or bags should be made the full width of the step, and just the right lengths to give sufficient openings only to the rear and front seats. Some waterproofed material—not leather—should be used, and, by special interlocking flaps, the bags or cases should be made quite weather-tight and dust-proof. When tourists are so equipped, the whole of the interior of the car can be left free of baggage—a great desideratum.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE POWERS THAT BE—DOUBLES—NEWBURY—WINNING JOCKEYS.

I HAD a long and very pleasant conversation a day or two back with an old and well-tried racing official with more than forty years' experience at his back. Indeed, his opinion on racecourse management must be respected, and is valuable to those who participate in the Sport of Kings. He thinks, and I agree with him, that the Stewards of the Jockey Club, who are not business-men, interfere too much with vested interests. A meeting, to be useful in supplying good sport, must first of all be successful, and the aim, therefore, of the Turf Senators should be primarily to make all the meetings pay their way. In the matter of racing fixtures, he contends that the present plan of allotment is simply absurd, and he suggests that the Clerks of Courses should meet and arrange their own dates—as is done in County cricket—any disputed dates to be settled by the Stewards of the Jockey Club. My friend laid special stress on the case of the free and open meetings, such as Bath and Salisbury, and contended that every effort should be made to make these successful. In the case of country fixtures, it seems that, under the Jockey Club arrangement, no notice is taken of big local events that might and often do keep people away from the racecourse. All these facts would be taken into due consideration if the fixtures were arranged by Clerks of Courses themselves. The most important matter touched on by my friend was racing at Newmarket. He contends that at the Turf Headquarters owners should race for their own money only, and the Stewards of the Jockey Club should not try to compete with the Limited Liability Companies in the giving of big prizes. Further, he thinks that Newmarket should be deprived of its monopoly in the matter of dates, and should not be exempt from clashing.

The race for the Cesarewitch will take place on Oct. 18, and we shall now soon see some lively betting on this popular event. Many of the 'cutest men at Newmarket consider that Admiral Breeze will win in a canter, while others are equally confident about Series, who is having one of Joe Cannon's orthodox preparations. Princess Florizel and Costly Lady are both fancied, and, of the country-trained horses, Wargrave, Long Tom, and Saltpetre are inquired after, but I think the race will be won by Merry Andrew, who is trained by Mr. Miller down Foxhill way. This horse won the Ascot Stakes last year, and he is a proved stayer. I believe a good light-weight jockey has already been engaged. Transfer and Challenge are inquired after for the Cambridgeshire, and the double-event bookies are already driving a roaring trade, so much so, in fact, that the Continental agents will not take doubles which include horses they are full-up against. However, the veteran Mr. Joe Thompson bars nothing, and he is hardly likely to come to any harm, as he has nearly everything in both races backed. Mr. Thompson is getting on in years now, but he is active and knows how to make a book. He plays the

game pluckily, and never turns away customers if he can by any possibility do business with them.

The opening meeting on the new course at Newbury was an unqualified success, and I predict a prosperous future for this meeting. John Porter has devoted a lot of energy and much time in developing his pet scheme, with the result that a model course, with absolutely perfect stands, has been built. The going will, I take it, be a bit holding in the winter months, but for only a very short distance does the steeplechase track interfere with the flat-race course, and that is on the run-in. There will be flat-race meetings in 1906 on April 4 and 5, July 27 and 28, and Oct. 31 and Nov. 1. A two-day fixture under National Hunt Rules has been applied for, also a one-day fixture, to take place on Oct. 30, but this should be

altered to Nov. 2, so as to follow the Autumn Meeting, and not precede it. I am told that the Club has attracted a very large list of members, so that the future of the venture is practically assured if the executive do not give away big sums in the matter of prize-money. It would be impossible to make the meeting pay if the example of the opening show were repeated in the matter of big prizes; but the thing will level itself in time, and owners will here, as elsewhere, be content to race for their own money. The railway arrangements to Newbury are of

the very best, while the fares are very reasonable. I think Newbury has come to stay.

Maher, Wheatley, and Madden should be the first three names on the winning-jockey list at the close of the flat-race season, and I think Danny Maher will come in on top, as he is riding in great form and he can choose his mounts when not claimed by the owners who retain him. Maher is a really accomplished jockey, but, in my opinion, he cuts matters too fine on occasion, which, by-the-bye, Tod Sloan never did. It is far better to win by ten lengths than to lose by a short head. Maher, in his ordinary dress, is one of the best-looking jockeys on the course, but, strange to say, he does not look half so pretty in silks. Madden is a resolute rider and a very strong finisher. Further, he has no end of pluck, combined with never-erring judgment, and when he takes a liberty and makes a dash to come through on the rails he never fails. The cut of Madden's mouth denotes resolution and plenty of it. He, too, looks much better in his undress uniform than he does when wearing a cap and jacket. Wheatley is a nice-looking fellow who has just finished his apprenticeship. The boy is handicapped to a certain extent in having to ride all Elsey's horses when the weight suits, and the stable must be in form if Wheatley is to head the list. The jockey is good enough to win if the horse is. He has fine hands and is a capital judge of pace, while as a finisher he would easily beat anyone of his own age. However, I give Maher the preference over the other two, because he is more of a free-lance.

CAPTAIN COE.



FOOTBALLERS FROM "DOWN UNDER": THE NEW ZEALAND TEAM WHICH DEFEATED DEVON COUNTY AT EXETER ON SEPT. 16 AND NORTHAMPTON ON SEPT. 28.

The names, reading from the left, are (back row): G. A. Tylor, J. O. Sullivan, W. Cunningham, G. W. Nicholson, C. Seeling, F. Glasgow. (Middle row): S. Casey, W. Wallace, J. W. Stead (Vice), G. Dixon (Manager), D. Gallagher (Captain), J. Hunter, G. Gillett. (Front row): G. W. Smith, F. Roberts, H. D. Thomson.

Photograph by E. Kelley, Newton Abbot.

OUR LADIES' PAGES

LIKE grown-up people who take infantile complaints, such as measles and mumps, very badly, I have caught the motor microbe at last, having held out superior while the rest of one's world had the raging epidemic in all its phases. I caught it last month, while making a leisurely tour of Northern France in a little

country cottage where the erratic descents and absences of its owners make it a matter of betting whether they ever spend a consecutive two days in the same county since the motor era dawned. In this connection the store-cupboard has naturally come to play as important a part in both town and country as it did in the good old Georgian days of jam-making and pickle-preserving, when the famous cook, Elizabeth Lazenby, conceived the idea of retailing her special preparations to a waiting world, and so founded one of the most flourishing businesses of modern times. No matter what or when our arrivals and departures nowadays, a store-room well lined with Lazenby soups, meats, jams, sauces, and specialities generally is a fortress impregnable to hunger. In mentioning Lazenby's, it must be borne in mind that everything coming from the well-known headquarters in Wigmore Street is absolutely of the very best. In the huge warehouses and factories at Southwark a system of organisation exists which rejects any article not of assured quality, having always in mind the basis of honesty and excellence on which Lazenby's fame has been founded and followed. Potted fish, potted meat, olives, salad-oil, honey, sardines, fresh salmon, lobster, fruits, etc., are packed and supplied for consumption all over the world, and the old, original recipe of Elizabeth Lazenby is still employed in the manufacture of their famous "Harvey's Sauce." Naturally, a tithe of the articles bearing this firm's name as a hall-mark of purity and excellence



[Copyright.]

A HANDSOME CLOAK.

American machine which cost only a thousand dollars and did its hundred miles daily *sans effort*. Naturally, the high-speed racers that flashed past us on the road and did fifty kilometres to our one would scorn the comfortable jog-trot with which we climbed hills and slid down valleys. But of true comfort and pleasure there is little in tearing over continents with your heart in your mouth and your hat in your eyes, and since the possibility of preserving a decent appearance in a thoroughly comfortable covered car has been made apparent I have thrown over all former prejudice in favour of that dear four-legged crawler, the horse, and am whole-heartedly on the side of automobiles. As a result, catalogues arrive by every post, each vaunting its own speciality as the one and only revelation of modern science—price, pace, and all the particular virtues being especially its own. Each pamphlet seems to disillusion one with the preceding, and it becomes a somewhat disconcerting delight to weigh one self-styled epitome of perfection with another. The question of upkeep will doubtless obtrude itself disagreeably in time; but at the moment such gross consideration is banished, and nothing but the price and perfection of each machine is considered. If some of my practical readers would favour me with any experiences which may shed light on my state of twilight indecision, it would be deeply appreciated.

Motors and the food question are naturally in closely connected sequence, the unexpectedness of one's movements on one count being often followed by unpreparedness and a general "scatteration" of ordinary routine on the other. Indeed, I know of more than one



[Copyright.]

A MOLESKIN COLOURED VELVET.

cannot be instanced here, but enough has been said to point the moral of that pithy tale which says, "When in doubt"—buy from Lazenby's.

If women ever sew nowadays—which is a moot point—to the few industrious survivals I would recommend, having a mind to ease their labours, the Agonic Eyed Needle. The article in question has a grooved and elongated head that carries the cotton through the material without the temper-wearing "tugging" which has such a

fatal influence on one's spasms of industry. The makers, Thomas and Son, of Redditch, have been needle-making for over a century, and, as experts of such standing, must be expected to know a good needle when they meet it. The Agonic Eyed is therefore clearly the needle for us all.

Unlike the Early Victorian young lady who was never heard before seen, that particular brand of Wright's called Coal-Tar Soap can generally be *smelled* before seen, and as an unequivocal disinfectant,

HOW TO FIND A FLAT.

THERE are probably thousands of people in London to-day who are tramping all over the town in search of a furnished or unfurnished flat. Many of them are tired of studying the advertisement columns of the newspapers, as the flats advertisements are usually jumbled up in the most hopeless confusion, and the task of finding what you want is like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay. When you think you have found a likely flat and make inquiries about it, you generally discover that it is situated in exactly that part of London where you do not wish to reside. To put yourself entirely in the hands of an agent, on the other hand, is by no means a satisfactory proceeding, as no agent has anything like a really complete register of furnished and unfurnished flats. Many of our readers are probably in this predicament at the present time, as they may not be aware that, thanks to one of our contemporaries, a really reliable "Guide to Flatland" can now be obtained everywhere for the modest sum of one penny! It is the *Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette*.

This paper publishes every day in every edition a whole page or more of advertisements of "Flats, Maisonettes, and Bachelors' Chambers to Let." These advertisements are not jumbled up in the usual indiscriminate manner, but are carefully classified according to locality, and subdivided under separate headings, as "Mayfair and St. James's," "Westminster and Victoria," "Maida Vale, St. John's Wood, and Hampstead," etc.

The readers can thus see at a glance exactly what flats are available in the various districts, and can also make an easy comparison of the accommodation and the charges of the flats to let in any particular district.

This admirable system of advertising flats to let was adopted by our contemporary six months ago, and, judging from the enormous number of advertisements which flow into its Flats Columns every day, it is as popular with advertisers as with the general public. The *Evening Standard* has evidently become the recognised medium for this class of advertisement, and there is no doubt that the system of classification adopted by the paper is a sound one. If any of our readers are in search of a furnished or unfurnished flat, they will be well advised to study the authority mentioned and make a careful study of its Flats Page. They will save themselves an enormous amount of trouble and worry by so doing.

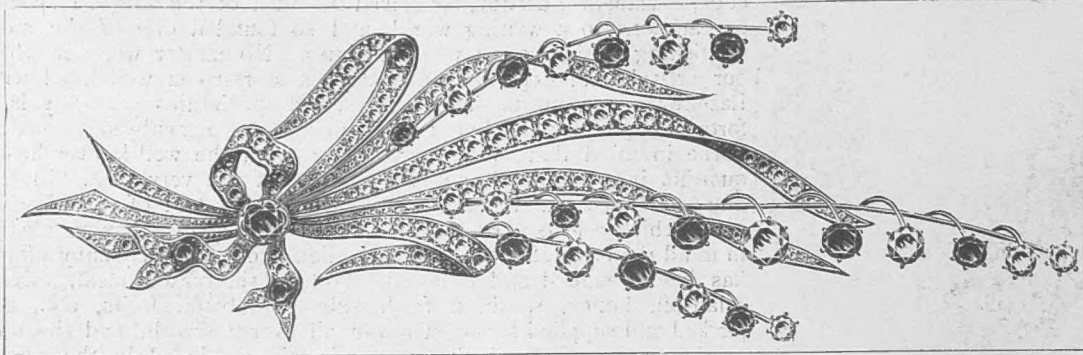
The Brighton Railway Company announce that the "Brighton in 60 minutes" Pullman Limited Express will resume running every Sunday on and from Oct. 1, from Victoria 11 a.m., returning from Brighton 9 p.m.

The Brighton Railway Company announce that the "Brighton in 60 minutes" Pullman Limited Express will resume running every Sunday on and from Oct. 1, from Victoria 11 a.m., returning from Brighton 9 p.m.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH." PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

INLAND.		ABROAD.	
Twelve Months (including Christmas Number),	£1 9s. 3d.	Twelve Months (including Christmas Number),	£2.
Six Months, 14s. (or including Christmas Number),	15s. 3d.	Six Months, 19s. 6d. (or including Christmas Number),	£1 15s.
Three Months, 7s. (or including Christmas Number),	8s. 3d.	Three Months, 9s. 6d. (or including Christmas Number),	11s. 3d.

Remittances may be made by Cheques, payable to THE SKETCH, and crossed "The Union of London and Smiths Bank, Limited," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.



AN EIGHTY-GUINEA PRIZE AT COVENT GARDEN BALL.

This diamond and sapphire spray was awarded by the Management, Messrs. Rendle and Forsyth, for the best costume at the last Covent Garden Ball. Twenty other valuable prizes were also given.

cleanser, and purifier may be truthfully declared second to none. An old friend of forty years' standing, it has well stood the test of time in these changeable days by reason of its sheer good qualities, which is more than can be said for most things or people. SYBIL.

The dress worn by Miss Carrie Moore in her character as Millicent Leroy, in "The Blue Moon," which is figured in our frontispiece this week, was made by Messrs. Swan and Edgar. This firm also supplied all the other modern dresses in the production.

Mr. G. V. de Luca invites subscriptions to the De Luca City Fund in aid of the sufferers from the recent earthquake in Italy. Communications should be addressed to 6 and 7, Long Lane, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

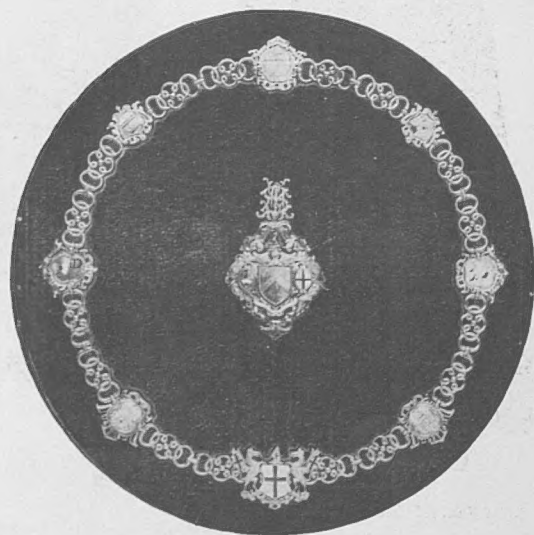
The Naval Exhibition at Earl's Court will celebrate Trafalgar Day, Oct. 21, with a Nelson Fête, and all the money paid for admission to the Exhibition on that day will be given, without deduction, to naval charities.

Mr. T. Sealey Clark, of 34, Craven Street, Strand, announces the forthcoming publication of an important new theatrical annual, to be called "The Green-Book; or, Who's Who on the Stage," which will form a valuable addition to the existing books of reference. The work has been in active preparation for some time, under the editorship of Mr. Bampton Hunt.

Messrs. Freeman inform us that the success of their Darvel Bay Brand of cigars has caused it to be imitated by unscrupulous dealers.

They call attention to the fact that upon every box they have given special prominence to their name and their trade-mark, the winged horse.

The Bombay Motor-Car Company, Limited, have been appointed agents for "Argyll" cars as from the present month. Their district will embrace a wide area, comprising Western and Northern India, the Central Provinces, and adjoining native States. "Argyll" cars are already



A SHRIEVAL BADGE AND CHAIN.

The badge and chain, of 18-carat gold, were presented to Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Smallman by the Burgesses of the Ward of Cheap. It was designed and manufactured by Sir John Bennett, Limited, 65, Cheapside.

well known in India, and, doubtless, with the great facilities possessed by the Bombay Company for bringing them into public notice, they will in the near future add to their reputation in our Indian Empire. A stock will be maintained at the Company's headquarters in Bombay.



A LAWN-TENNIS SHIELD.

The shield, which was competed for in the Veterans' Doubles All-England Championship at the Eastbourne Lawn-Tennis Tournament, was supplied by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, of Queen Victoria Street, Oxford Street, and Regent Street.

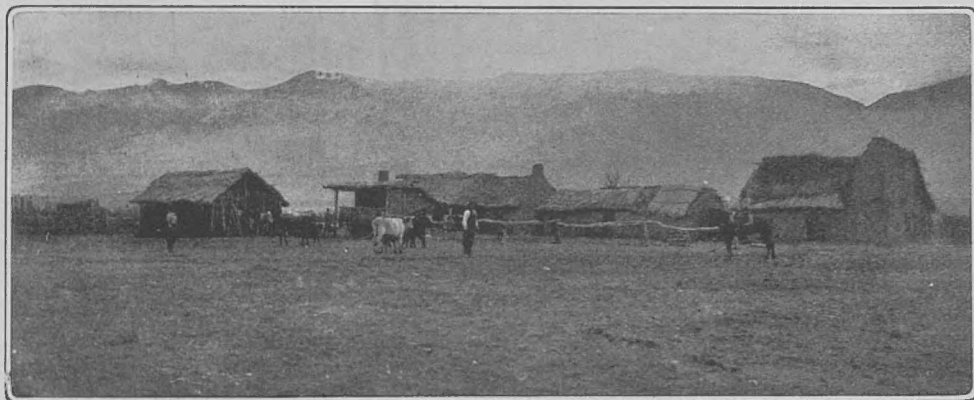
CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 11.

MONEY AND THE MARKETS.

THE 4 per cent. Bank Rate which we anticipated last week has come, but was so fully discounted that it has produced little or no effect on the markets, which continue fairly strong and hopeful in all departments.

We should have great hopes of good autumn business but for the numerous new issues which are known to be impending, and which



ARGENTINE SOUTHERN LAND COMPANY, LIMITED: OLD ESTANCIA LELEQUE.

must have a detrimental (or rather, a restraining) effect on the quotations of old-established securities, while the house is again beginning to speculate upon the chances of a General Election in November or December.

Kaffirs continue the most unsatisfactory spot, and, while the big houses every now and again twist the tails of the bears, these interesting animals get their own back the moment the inside support is exhausted. The public is far more in the speculative purchasing mood, than on for mining gambles, and the African Bank reports are very conclusive evidence of the unsatisfactory state of business in the Cape and adjacent Colonies.

We have on several occasions called attention to the United South Africa Association in these columns, and the following communication from "Q." confirms our opinion of the prospective value of the shares of the Association and of the Premier Mine, with which it is so intimately intermixed—

Shareholders in the Premier Diamond Company will be much interested in the report of the United South Africa Association, and should read carefully the Chairman's speech at the meeting of the latter Company on Oct. 12. The Chairman of the U.S.A. Association is also a Director of the Premier Company, and therefore the statements in the U.S.A. report are practically official. After careful consideration, the Directors announce that they have come to the conclusion that minimum dividends of £2 per share will be earned annually from the beginning of next year, and more may very probably be distributed. This tallies with what I have heard from other sources, and the shares are likely to be nearer £25 than £15 in 1906.

Q.

HOME RAILS.

For the Home Railway market to have been so slightly affected by the rise in the Bank Rate, reason must be sought in the much more encouraging state of the traffics. From the published figures, taken in conjunction with the Board of Trade returns, it is manifest that business throughout the country has taken a decided turn for the better. There is no particular reason for waxing enthusiastic over the situation yet—no great temptation is presented by it to purchase Home Railway stocks—but the mere fact of the alteration in the state of trade is cheering to those who resent seeing their country go behind in the world's business. The Great Northern has reduced its decrease from over £15,000 at the end of July to about half that amount to date, so the Deferred stock holders may hope for their lordly one per cent. next February. There is a tip circulating to buy York Deferred, but on merits the stock is worth no more than 40 at present. Great Western Ordinary would be worth buying, despite its decrease of £8,000 in traffic up to the end of September, if the Directors were less extravagantly minded in their management of the line. The Company is understood to be on the point of absorbing the little Ross and Monmouth Railway, while rumours have been current for some time past as to a much more important Welsh line being taken over by the Great Western. The Midland increase of £58,500 and the Great Central increase of £48,000 are the most satisfactory feature of the traffic returns so far, but the North-Eastern and North-Western are also improving upon the figures of 1904. If there were more market, Central London Deferred would probably not be standing at a price that makes a 4 per cent. dividend work out to 5 per cent. upon money invested, and, notwithstanding the difficulty in its negotiation, the stock ought to go at least five points better. The Twopenny Tube is not going to suffer to any appreciable

extent from the competition of the electrified District Railway, whose travelling is as uncomfortable as its finance is ridiculous.

LAND COMPANIES' SHARES.

African Land shares are among the few not affected by the remarkable uprising of public interest in issues of Land Companies in various parts of the world. Canada and South America are far and away the most popular countries attracting attention by reason of their land enterprises, but we hear of several Mexican concerns that may shortly be brought out, while increasing interest is turned to Egyptian, Australasian, Chinese, and even to Borneo Land shares. The most dramatic market of the moment is that for the Argentine varieties, and of these Argentine Great Southern shares are commanding most excitement by reason of the sensational rise in the price one day last week. Our pictures give some idea of the way in which the Company works. Its estates are of very considerable acreage, while the capital is not more than £140,000, and those who have the patience to lock the shares up will see a 50 per cent. rise within the next few years. Another concern to which we drew our readers' notice some few weeks back is the Santa Fé and Cordova Great Southern Company, which also has an issued capital of £140,000, with 120,000 £1 shares in reserve. The accounts were out the other day, when a 7½ per cent. dividend was declared, and at the subsequent meeting the Chairman waxed very bullish over the future of Argentine land generally. Here again the shares must be taken up in hope of a sure and certain (as far as those adjectives apply to anything South American) profit in future. Santa Fé Lands have enjoyed so continuous a rise that some recession may be expected, but there will be further improvement in Argentine Land and Investment Preference, as to whose merits our correspondent "Q." has on several recent occasions devoted painstaking inquiry.

ON THINGS CANADIAN.

As regards the Canadian Land shares, Hudson's Bays have been rather dropped of late by the division which has their movements in hand. It looks as though the Stock Exchange comment that we published a fortnight back were correct in its surmise of a possible fall in the price; indeed, the quotation dropped several points after this hint appeared in our columns. Whether the decline is part of a concerted plan to get the shares lower preparatory to another run-up, time will show: our own opinion is that Hudson's Bays ought certainly not to be sold. A good market has been made in the Calgary and Edmonton Lands, recommended here when the price stood about eight shillings lower than it does now, and the nature of the buying is sufficiently good to warrant the prophecy that 60s. will be reached before long. Grand Trunks are puzzling. Market opinion varies so greatly as to the relative chances of rise and fall that it is impossible to gain any useful lead from the Stock Exchange, but outside sources of repute assure us that to buy Trunk Ordinary even at its current level is to pick up money. Scotswise, "we hae oor doots," although to keep for six months the stock appears a reasonable speculation.

There is no necessity for investors to realise their Grand Trunk Pacific Debentures now that the first coupon has just come off the bonds: they should be held for more improvement. Canadian



ARGENTINE SOUTHERN LAND COMPANY, LIMITED: NEW ESTANCIA LELEQUE.

Pacific shares have recently come under the direct control of a Montreal clique which is working the market for its own ends, and, though the price has every prospect of going to twice par in the course of time, nobody would feel much astonishment if there were a sharp set-back first. The next dividend announcement is as far away as January 1906, so that the bulls have to concern themselves chiefly with the possibility of bonuses to arise from the formation of the Land and Estate Trust. Maybe there is disappointment in store for any very sanguine hope in this direction.

RIO CLARO SAO PAULO.

In the appended notes our correspondent "Q." goes, with his usual thoroughness, into the affairs of this well-known Brazilian railway.

It is not often that one can buy a well-secured bond of a Railway Company to pay well over 5 per cent., and yet that is what can practically be done by those who purchase Rio Claro Sao Paulo shares at the price of about £26½. To make this clear, I must enter a little into detail. In March 1892 the whole of the properties of this Company were sold to the Western Railway of San Paulo (the Paulista Company) for £2,750,000 5 per cent. bonds of the Paulista Company, secured by a first charge on the properties of both Companies. How excellent this security is may be deduced from the fact that for last year the nett receipts of the Paulista Company were £601,200, of which only £164,975 is required to provide for the interest and redemption of the bonds held by the Rio Claro Company. The bonds are repayable by annual drawings at par over a period of forty-two years, commencing in 1897, so that in 1940 the whole of the bonds will have been paid off, and the Rio Claro Company will be in possession of £2,750,000. The bonds are redeemed year by year, and up to the present time £262,500 has been repaid and the money invested. It is not possible, however, for the directors to obtain as much as 5 per cent. from the high class of stocks into which the proceeds are placed, and therefore the income of the Company will slowly decline, although the capital will remain intact and the security improve. Up to now, about 4½ per cent. has been obtained from the investments, and, assuming that the whole can be reinvested at the same rate, the position in 1904 will be as follows: £2,750,000 at 4½ per cent. produces £116,875 per annum, of which £30,000 will be required to pay the interest on the 5 per cent. Debenture stock, if this is not paid off, and there will remain £86,875 for the Ordinary shares, equal to 11½ per cent. From now to 1940 the dividends, therefore, will gradually diminish from 14 per cent., the present rate, to 11½ per cent., or an average for the next thirty-five years of 12½ per cent. It must be borne in mind, however, that for some years more 14 per cent. dividends can be paid, and that it will be a good many years before the dividend falls below 13 per cent., also that, though in the course of years the dividend must decline, the value of the shares will not decline, for by 1940 they will be a gilt-edged security. Thus, supposing it were possible to pay off the Debenture stock at, say, £130 per cent., there would remain £1,970,000 for the Ordinary shareholders, or over £26 per share. There is also the chance that the money, if well invested, may increase in value in the course of time. The list of investments is published each year, and, as a matter of fact, there is already an appreciation. On the whole, I think the shares are a good investment, and are likely to maintain their price, the gradual decline in the rate of dividend being compensated by the increasing safety of the security. Q.

P.S.—You will have seen that the Van den Bergh interim dividend has been raised from 8 to 12 per cent., as forecasted in my recent notes.

Spassky Copper shares, to which I drew your attention at £5, have since been to £7½. They are, of course, highly speculative, but will, I think, go higher. I will send you some notes on this Company next week.

The Mexican Mining shares, Esperanza and El Oro, are both worth buying. The property of the latter Company adjoins and, indeed, almost surrounds the Esperanza Mine. I am told that the Manager is drifting to intercept the rich vein recently discovered on the Esperanza, and that he expects to cut it in a few weeks' time.

As a gambling investment, Camp Birds are likely to rival the popular El Oro shares, which have recently been run up at a rapid pace.

Saturday, September 30, 1905.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GAMMA.—We cannot get a copy of the Bramwell Award, and it is not to be purchased. It was given in connection with Tramways, and amounts to this, that in a purchase nothing is allowed for prospective profits or goodwill, but the plant, etc., is taken at fair value to a going concern. May we suggest a type-writing machine to your favourable consideration for correspondence?

T. H. D.—The Sketch you want is dated June 21, 1905. The present position of the Company is that, with 10 head of stamps, it is making a profit of £500 a month, and that the purchase of 20 head more is all but completed. The erection of these will have to be paid for out of profits or the necessary money borrowed.

J. S. A.—The list is excellent for the interest you get. The Nitrate Company is good enough, but, if you are game for a gamble, sell, and buy Premier Diamonds.

E. L.—Yours is the sort of letter which makes a reasonable man despair. If we knew shares that would rise every month, do you think we should write for a living? You may as well lose your cash over the marginal system as any other.

G. H. B.—Your broker has gone wrong. The mine belongs to the Central Egypt Exploration Company, and has never been floated as a separate Company, hence can never have been reconstructed.

H. D.—See "Q.'s" Note last week, with every word of which we agree. Sell the Kaffirs and buy Argentine Land and Investment 5 per

cent. Cumulative Pref. shares and Premier Diamonds. It is your best chance of getting back your lost money.

BERKS.—Sell your present Japanese Bonds and buy Internal Loan of the same country. The latter are just as good, and cheaper. If you would spread the risk, put part of the money into Foreign, American, and General Investment Trust Deferred stock at about 96.

A. G. G.—Sell the Consols and take out your Savings Bank money. Buy (1) Babcock and Wilcox, (2) South African Breweries 5 per cent. Pref., (3) Rio Claro San Paulo shares, (4) Van den Bergh Ordinary. Say between £70 and £80 in each. Open an account with the bank and let them buy the shares for you.

W. R. F.—(1) Perhaps you had better go to the London and Paris Exchange if you want to carry on business in this way. No member of the Stock Exchange would undertake it. (2) Yes.

E. H.—The questions in your letter require some investigation, and we have not time to make the necessary inquiries. You shall have an answer next week. No respectable broker will execute "large and small" orders without a banker's reference or good cash cover. If you can furnish either of these, write again, and we will send name and address by private letter.



NO USE FOR CHIVALRY.

"That's right, Bertie! You stick there a-staring; don't you hoffer to give nobody no help."

DRAWN BY DUDLEY BUXTON.